TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 5, No. 46 | The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. | TORONTO, OCTOBER 8, 1892. | TERMS: Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. | Whole No. 254

Around Town.

There is a phrase that I often use in describing the ordinary attitude of people, that "It doesn't matter what happens so long as it doesn't happen to us." Last Saturday I should have gone to New York had it not been that the young man who was killed on the street railway cars on Church street was a nephew of the gentleman who was to have accompanied me. In this way I got to appreciate the terrible grief into which a family was plunged, and became able to put myself in the place—as far as it is possible to put oneself in the place—of an afflicted one. It is a sad thing for death to invade a family even when notice has been given of the coming of the unwelcome guest, but when all at once death in his most dreadful form strides into a household, only those who know the dreadful results can realize the prostrating sorrow. Human grief has a tendency towards revenge, and I am not surprised that people enter actions for damages against those who cause the death of a loved one. I think the fact is apparent that the accident would not have happened had bars been placed along the side of the trailer next the track on which cars were running in the opposite direction. This much I think we can all admit. The whole human family is subject to the impulse to take chances, and if these bars are not placed there other deaths will occur, other families will be afflicted, other narrow escapes will be made, and all that list of other things will happen which involve a series of sad calamities which might be avoided. The expense and the trouble are but slight. Surely the railway company will see fit to provide this small safeguard.

***

Did you ever notice the particular phase of feminine character which is most noticeable in a crowded and dangerous street, and which can be observed with the same unfailing certainty wherever danger threatens? In trying to cross a crowded street a man will go ahead, but if a woman starts to cross a street and any danger threatens she turns around and starts back. I suppose it is because mankind are aggressive and women are naturally timid. If a man enters into a contest he wants to see it through, even if it is of no more importance than the crossing of a crowded thoroughfare. A woman, no matter how bravely she starts in, almost invariably imagines that she has made a mistake and starts back. Of course this is the most dangerous thing in the world to do, no matter what one is trying to do. The danger in front may be serious, but one has it under one's eye; the danger of a retreat is many-sided. Drivers suppose that the woman is going to keep on and do not slacken their speed. When she turns and starts back she is under a horse's feet or in front of a street car, or collides with some man or woman who has had no reason to infer that she was about to adopt a backward course of motion. When I am driving and see a woman crossing a street I always pull up, feeling quite sure that she will be in front of the horse in another moment.

***

How many women, how many thousands, thousands of women, have made this same mistake in a thousand different ways. They decide on what is necessary, profitable, safe, or in accordance with their own duty or views, and start in on the line they have laid out. Suddenly they take a panic and start back, running into a dozen unthought of dangers and meeting, in the majority of cases, with injuries they would not have received if they had proceeded courageously along the course they first laid out.

***

Of married women who adopt such a course this is especially true. Some of them are willing to believe everything good of a man until they marry him, and then they take a panic, start back, go home to mother, complain to their friends, and in a week are surrounded by a score of dangers that they had never thought of. No matter whether it be the crossing of a crowded thoroughfare, the avoiding of electric cars or the observance of any of the duties or conventionalities, what we start in with, let us see it through. Unless the venture be taken in a moment of intemperance, our judgment at the beginning is as good as it will ever be. Stay with it, fight it out, and unless it be a commercial speculation in which we can calculate the results by dollars and cents and find the balance of profit or loss with a pencil and paper, don't quit; fight it out.

***

The other day I heard my children going through their Sunday School lesson with their mother, and a couple of points struck me which are a proper postscript to what I wrote last Saturday. When the Lord appeared to His servant in Damascus and told him to go and see Saul of Tarsus and comfort him, he answered: "Lord, I have heard by many of this man, the much evil he hath done to thy saints at Jerusalem." How many counterparts we have of this ancient Christian! Men who are all the time thinking that the Lord doesn't know His business; men who are continually saying that this man and that man are irredeemably bad, and even when their better impulses or a touch of divine love suggests the propriety of trying to turn the wicked one's energy for evil into energy for good, say that it is a hopeless task. Under this heading of "wicked persons" can be grouped nearly all those who have strong feelings which lead to expressions which outrage prejudices. Surely that Sunday School lesson should teach people to be tolerant and lead them to lay their hands gently on their neighbors, at the same time calling them brother and feeling that there is an actual brotherhood.

***

In the next verse, too, there seems to be a wonderfully vivid lesson, where the Lord told His servant with regard to Saul, "Thou wilt show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." I sat back and wondered what these things should be. Saul was a man of high degree; he was proud of his Jewish descent and of the fact that he was a Roman citizen, something which prevented him from being punished without trial, lashed in public, or being a victim of indignities such as a common Jew could not always avoid. If he became a Christian he sacrificed these privileges, for the authorities neither at Rome nor Jerusalem would recognize his new creed nor could his citizenship save him from serious indignities. He was cultured, but he would have to herd with those who were crude and perhaps cruel. He was a philosopher, yet he must teach a doctrine which was not at that time held to be philosophical. In his unconverted condition he was in fact occupying the place that the orthodox preacher of to-day occupies. He had cultured society, civil privileges, social dignity. These he must drop; everything hereafter must be for Christ's sake! He must be poor, persecuted, unpopular. Great gods, how hard it is to be unpopular! People would laugh at him, pluck his beard and thrust him into prison. The daintily reared Saul must receive worse treatment than a Salvation Army captain gets in Quebec; there was no salary attached to the office; he had no chance to preside or to speak at Pan-Presbyterian councils or Pan-Methodistical conventions; he was not to read "papers," but to preach to despised people and be despised.

***

A call of this sort would not move many men nowadays. The Lord would have to call very loud to get many able men to go out and serve Him under these circumstances. The "call" nowadays means so much per annum with or without manse. No social dignities have to be abandoned, no pleasant intercourse with cultured people must be forfeited, no social status lost; all that needs to be done is to preach sermons to well clad people who pay pew rent, for is it not our system to let the rag-tag and bob-tail go to the devil? Surely times have changed, "calls" have changed, duties have changed. It is better to be a preacher now than it was in the time of Saul.

***

The Mayor's contention that the Ontario Government should be called in to look after Ashbridge's Bay is significant of a general and well concerted plan to change Toronto from being a Conservative center to a series of Grit constituencies. It could hardly be conceived a few years ago that the Ontario Government should have two out of three of the members for Toronto in the Local Legislature; it certainly is not usual to find a so-called Liberal mayor in charge of our civic patronage! The whole scheme is being well worked, particularly as the Reformers have done pretty nearly all the revision that has been done of the voters' list for next year, while the Conservatives have been exceedingly careless as to what may become of us in local politics. This spirit has made Mr. W. R. Meredith a helpless man as leader of the Provincial Opposition. This same neglect of the local voters' list has given the Liberal party almost absolute control of this province, and just before Toronto slides into line with the balance of the constituencies I would like to call attention to the fact that should the elections take place next year it may be too late to prevent a very close fight as to whether the Conservatives or the Reformers have the minority representative.

***

Remembering, as every citizen of Toronto does, how badly we have been treated by the Conservative Government at Ottawa, to whose support we have always rallied, how every member they have given us permission to elect has been the servant of the Administration instead of the servant of the city, it becomes a not very poignant grief that a systematic course of misusage is changing the complexion of this city, and yet it is a pleasant thing to know that it is not too late to remedy it. If Mr. Mowat is anxious to busy himself in banishing the bad smells of Ashbridge's Bay and helping Toronto, and if by re-electing two Reformers, or electing three if it be necessary, this city can persuade him to undertake the task, the contract would likely be awarded to him, if his promises are put in such a shape as will persuade the electors to believe him—a rather hard thing to do, by the way. In Dominion politics we have been unable to get anything. Perhaps a little further intrusion of Mowatism may do no harm, as we consider harm from a civic and tax paying point of view. This much we can say as tax-payers, who have been oppressed, but as a believer in the future of this province and of this country, I should deplore any further Gritism in Ontario or any capture by the so-called Liberals of Canada of the Dominion administration. However, it has been our habit to elect the most useless persons we could find to represent us locally and generally, and the result is beginning to show itself.

***

The first proposition that each political party should nominate the best possible ticket for mayor and aldermen of this city, was made by a gentleman who is, I believe, a Reformer in Provincial affairs and a Protectionist and Conservative in Dominion matters. From the meagre reports in the newspapers of the Conservative meeting which considered this scheme, and the vicious attacks of newspapers which have evidently not considered this proposal, I am convinced that the whole question is thoroughly misunderstood and the intention of the gentleman who through me made the suggestion to the public has been misapprehended. The man who believes that politics do not enter into our municipal contests is either an innocent or pretends to be one. Occasionally splits occur such as those in the municipal and Provincial campaigns this year. Ordinarily politics have very much to do with the election of the mayor and aldermen as well as of members of the Legislature and the House of Commons. In the two latter bodies the Conservative and Reform parties are held responsible for the conduct of the men elected; in the matter of the mayor and aldermen politics have quite as strong an influence and yet nobody is responsible. Mayors and aldermen who are elected by the partizan feeling of the people—that this is the fact may be unfortunate, but it is the fact and it cannot be cured—after they get in office are not held to account by a political organization, a civic organization, individual influence or anything or anybody else. They go on and do as they confoundedly please. Now if partizan feeling permits these men to be in power, partizan organizations should control them. In local matters this partizan feeling is not strong enough to prevent the election of men of bad reputation or inferior ability. If partizan rivalry can produce two tickets from which the citizens can choose, personally, all things being equal I should feel bound to vote for Conservatives all along the line, but if the aldermen proposed by the Conservatives of the St. James' Ward Conservative Association were inferior to those nominated by the Reformers of the same ward, I would vote for the nominee of the Reformers, for direct taxation inflicts upon every man the penalty of partizanship if he permits it to carry him beyond reason. To the same extent my private interest would control, up to the point of the public welfare, any partizan feeling with regard to the mayor. If the Conservative convention nominated a bad candidate and the Reform convention nominated a good man, I would vote for the Reformer, and no man with any sense at all would insist in these conventions upon an iron-clad resolution to support the nominee of the convention. Of course if such a resolution were passed every delegate would be bound, but in my first suggestion of this scheme I made no such proposal. All I suggested, all the gentleman who prompted me suggested, was the wholesome rivalry of the two political parties to place in the field good men for civic offices, and the over-suspicious, noisy people who are excited about a second Tammany and an era of misrule are talking without wisdom.

***

We have had every phase of misrule, we have had every man who could possibly push himself to the front by means of his brass, every proposal that impudence could suggest, every conspiracy that dishonesty and incapacity could evolve, every phase of childish vanity, and nobody has been responsible, for no organization nominates or superintends the introduction into public life of the gentlemen who have had our affairs in charge.

***

After all the work which has been done in the past by Citizens' Committees and the many organizations that have been formed, the whole thing has been found to be a failure. Why? The formation of a Citizens' Committee in this city is the signal for every venal newspaper in this town to jump upon the men who compose it, and no sinister motive is too mean to be urged as the reason of its organization. Those who have spent the money and done the work are tired, and as far as I can discover this year those who have been working in the past are willing in the future to see the majority shout for Barrabas and have him. Each man who has worked in the past calculates that the same time and money he has spent, if devoted to his own business, would probably make him enough to pay his share of such foolish taxation and asinine opposition to progress as have afflicted us. This being the case, I should not be surprised to see Mr. Fleming succeed himself; it is a gorgeous prospect for him and the city.

***

The Liberals and the License Commissioners and the lum-tums who got this town into its present condition may feel very happy. The tax-payer is the man who has reason to feel miserable; he knows to his sorrow that while a great parade is being made of a reduction in this year's taxation, and while empty and rotten promises are being made of a further reduction next year, the assessment is being increased until the amounts become an absurdity. I simply ask the tax-payer to look at his next year's assessment, which is probably already in his hand. Nearly everybody is being held up. The rate may be lowered but the amount of the assessment is evidently on the increase. If they reduce it to one cent on the dollar, what matters it to the man who has had his assessment enlarged until he cannot recognize in his tax bill what he is paying on? Rentals have gone down; taxes, indirectly or directly, are not going down, even though the rate be decreased. Business men are being pestered by the most indefensible increases in personal taxes, and why is all this being done? That Mr. Fleming may promise a decrease in the number of mills on the dollar; that Grit supporters and Grit schemes may be furthered in this city, and so-called Conservative newspapers, either from interest or from ignorance, are furthering the interests of this cabal.

***

The Board of Trade was abused and ridiculed last year until it feels like keeping out of politics. The duty, if it be a duty, of nominating proper people to fill prominent positions will very likely be left to such organizations as have few taxes to pay and many individual interests to serve. These being the facts, and they are solemn facts, the newspapers that are getting red in the face over the idea of the political parties becoming responsible for candidates, may reasonably be suspected of being less devoted to the welfare of the tax-payer than they are to their subscription lists and their advertising columns. The era of good government in Toronto is evidently so far off that we must suffer a little longer from the greed of venal newspapers and personal ambitions. At best it is hard to curb these things, but when they are at their worst those who have anything to lose have the right to groan when they hear of good men coming out under their own auspices, to be beaten, and of bad men being let run loose, responsible to nobody—and worst of all, elected.

SISSIERETTA JONES—THE "BLACK PATTI."

The interests of the tax-payer are not suffering from too much party, but from too little. The men who control the Dominion Government are not partizans; they are manufacturers. The men who control the local Government are not partizans; they are tavern keepers and office holders. The men who more or less hold the balance of power in both cases are not political partizans; they are professional religionists. What we need is not less political partizanship, but more of it. Political partizanship just now, with nothing in it but street-corner talk, is silly; it represents nothing but the narrowest selfishness or the most colossal ignorance.

DON.

***

TORONTO CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY,
22 Church Street, Sept. 21, 1892.

Sheppard Publishing Company:

GENTLEMEN,—Yours of yesterday received, enclosing $1, and making a total of $200 00 received from your readers this season. Allow me to heartily thank you on behalf of our society for your great kindness in the matter. While your Fresh Air Fund subscribing readers have been either more generous or more numerous than they were last year, with a few bright, hearty exceptions the public have not come forward as we had wished, and the result is that our Fresh Air Fund is between $250 and $300 short; and we are compelled to make another appeal to the public in Monday's dailies and next week's weeklies. We don't intend asking you to do so, because we think that you have done your full share.

Yours very truly,
J. STUART COLEMAN, Secretary.

P. S.—The same remarks as to scarcity of money applies to the receipts in our contribution boxes. Up to date $300, and that only covers cost of manufacture, printing and maintenance.

J. S. C.

***

The Chinese question came up before the gathering of ministers recently held here, and it seemed to be the almost unanimous opinion of those gentlemen that the anti-Chinese legislation of the Washington and Ottawa Governments was narrow and unworthy of the great peoples of this continent. I take this to be another revealing of the wide space dividing the pulpit and the pew, another glimpse of the great distance stretching between the pastor with his philosophy and the parishioner with the perplexities of his hard life—the one firm in his faultless theories, the other immovable in his unpretty just defence of his right to live. It is the sublime beauty of Christianity that it prefers no race nor color, but yearns to embrace both bond and free. Yet—and again, yet! If it is pronounced narrow to oppose the unlimited admission of Chinamen into Canada, then am I narrow without any wish to be wider. It will be time enough to receive the Chinaman on an equality when the true religion has eradicated the social and moral decay resultant from centuries of heathenism, and has done for him some portion of what it has accomplished for his Western brother. It will be time enough to accept him as an equal when he develops into something remotely like an equal. The lay opinion is that the gospel should go to him in where he grovels and make him what he ought to be; not bring him here freighted with his low contagions to complicate the ills that beslege those among us who are morally invalid. Coming in here he may introduce new vices, but he is not likely to infuse new virtues into the social body. To make an exaggerated comparison, it might improve the sad fate of a leper to bring him in from the lazaretto, to admit him to the home circle, the church and places of business, it might be pronounced unchristian to hound a fellow-man out from all intercourse with men because of a physical affliction; but, when thought is taken of o hers in the home, the church and the mart, the leper is forced to go, and Christianity fulfils its duty by sending the gospel and missionaries to guide him in the heavenly way.

***

There are reasons almost as imperative why the Chinaman should not be allowed to overrun this country, as he would do if permitted. Although he might not bring leprosy and cholera to spread death among the people, he would bring starvation to those who now live a hungry life at best. He is not an agriculturist nor any sort of producer who could break up new lands and create cities on the plains, but he would come and wedge himself in among the weakest of our bread-winners. He would entirely displace women in many of their lines of occupation, and displace men in all their lighter and less intelligent tasks. He would force women back and men forward in making room for himself, and a congested labor market would result speedily. Accustomed to live on about the same bulk of food as a canary bird, a Cainaman could win always in cutting wage-rates with an American. It would surely be a mistake to depress the condition of the masses in this country, for the masses are already inclined to be unruly in their evil case. Anything that would increase the miseries of the miserable, that would make hunger more widespread, that would create temptations for those easily tempted, and multiply criminals—anything that would result thus can surely not be Christian. Anything that tends to prevent the evils mentioned, that serves to maintain plenty and to banish starvation and make life worth living, cannot be far wrong. The people are more apt to live within the law when within the law there is room to earn a livelihood. The churches should be interested in the earthly well being of the people, and if they were more in touch with the daily cares of the multitude, would exercise a bigger influence. When Principal Grant had read his paper on the labor problem, Dr. Hall of New York took him to task for introducing so foreign a subject into the deliberations of a church conference. That problem will sorely need a Christian solution some day, and perhaps Principal Grant with his deeper knowledge of life sees the error made by the church in regarding the subject as a foreign one. Dr. Hall's process seems to be to treat the soul as a separate existence, while Principal Grant treats the body and soul as one up to the moment of death. It is a religion that has food, clothing and fuel as helps to grace—the religion of the future, striving for comfort here and joy hereafter.

***

So far as can be judged from published accounts, that school teacher up in Beverley township is entitled to more sympathy than he is likely to get. He found this verse written in a book belonging to one of his scholars:

"O Lord of love, look down from above,
And pity us poor scholars;
They've hired a fool to teach our school
And pay him $475"

No doubt the disparaging word of four letters was merely inserted there for the purpose of making a rhyme, and should not cause us to doubt the teacher's fitness for his post. Those of us who have tried to write poetry will understand the exigencies of the case, and while preserving faith in the abilities of the teacher will pardon the poetess for using the word. It rhymed, and no other word could have been rung in very well. It is rather hard that a school teacher should have to undergo such inflictions as this after being jewed into accepting a small salary. No doubt he would have accepted a thousand dollars a year "to teach our school" if "our" trustees had been willing to pay it. But in all probability "our" trustees put an advertisement in the daily papers so that five hundred young men with new certificates in their pockets could write from all over the province and bid against each other and cut lower and lower and closer to the level of starvation for the privilege of teaching "our" school, its budding poets and all. If in letting the job of teaching a school by tender—same as they would let a job of cutting down a piece of bush or splitting a pile of wood—trustees should get a fool actually, not so-called for rhyming purposes, it would be small wonder. The man who tenders lowest on a contract is often the man who knows least about it and is, therefore, likely to make a botch of it. It would be strange if the same does not prove true when teachers are engaged by tender. They all have certificates, but are they all equal in tact, in patience, in energy, in the gift of imparting knowledge? They are all entitled to teach, but are they all really qualified to teach? Every year men who are born teachers and love the profession above everything, are forced to drop out in despair and try their hands at something else. It is reaching such a condition now that the children of Ontario are being taught by the half-taught, not by teachers who make teaching a profession, but by young men who pause in their progress from the school to their niche in life for a leisurely view of things around them. Of what use is it to raise the standards of certificates when those who win and use them take no interest in educational, work but simply loiter at the trade of teaching until something else turns up? Of what use is it to have a fine school when the man in charge is incompetent, or, if he have ability, is disheartened by the meanness of his salary? If less money were invested in bricks and in desks and other equipments and more in inducing good men to put their best energies into teaching, the results would be greater and the taxes no higher. It is no saving to build a school out of parings from the teacher's salary.

MACK.

Social and Personal.

The Hunt Club race meeting last Saturday was blessed with a most lovely fall day, sunny, cool and bright. The crowd was neither as brilliant nor as large as at the Jockey Club last May, but it was a very good looking and merry one, nevertheless. The track was fine, the paddock green and delightful to stroll about on, the refreshments dainty and substantial that hungry men and more easily satisfied dames might find just what they needed. A very welcome departure was the placing of groups of chairs here and there on the grass, and many a laughing circle of fair maids and attendant cavaliers might be seen, sitting in the mellow sunlight, staking their quarters on their pet equine. The Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick graced the occasion, arriving about four o'clock. Mrs. Kirkpatrick doffed her mantle and strolled about in a pink-striped black grenadine trained gown with jet garniture, a mink boa, and a pink and black hat and veil. A pretty gown was Mrs. Ed. Cox's olive cloth, with satin guimpe and sleeves, a lovely border of iridescent feather trimming, and a very stylish felt hat with gray-blue velvet bow; she looked uncommonly well. Another beautiful dress was Miss Gooderham's horizontal striped black and pale blue silk, with guimpe and upper sleeves of blue; a large black hat was worn with this elegant dress. Still another was Mrs. Auguste Bolte's, a delicate fawn in light and dark shades, with a graceful drapery and braided border, and a fawn *chapeau*, trimmed with mauve flowers. Mrs. Charles Pipon wore a very trim mottled tweed, with collar and cuffs of blue velvet and blue hat in a shade which was most becoming; a very handsome and gracious lady was Mrs. Lottridge of Hamilton, in a striped cloth gown and black bonnet; Mrs. Olive Winans looked charming in a *moire* effect of black and white, small bonnet and airy *chiffon* parasol; a sweet little dress was worn by Miss Phemie Smith, of gray and white checked tweed which was fitted marvelously; Mrs. W. H. Merritt wore a fawn dress and hat and a handsome cloak trimmed with Irish lace; Mrs. J. K. Kerr wore navy blue and *ecru* trimmings; Miss Frances Smith, a gray tweed with white vest and a very smart hat in black and scarlet; Mrs. Strathy, a delicate gray gown and cloak and white feather hat; Miss Maggie Gooderham, a very pretty dove-gray with buttercup *chiffon* frills and yellow chrysanthemums in a gray *chapeau*; one of the most stylish hats was worn by Mrs. Dan Rose, a large tan felt with changeable velvet bow; Miss Lee wore a dainty brown and white dress and flower-trimmed hat; Miss Mabel Lee, a green bourrette striped cloth with picture hat in black and gray velvet; Mrs. Foy wore a pretty gray and brown cloth gown with ostrich boa to match and a gray bonnet with yellow roses; Mrs. Walter Barwick wore brown velvet cord and cream blouse with large black hat; Mrs. Frank Score, a very pretty fawn corduroy, fawn and black hat; Miss Beardmore looked charming in a blue cloth gown with foot trimming of tan cocks' feathers; Miss Bunting wore a neat costume of navy blue with plaid velvet trimmings and a large hat; Mrs. Robert Miles' gown of dainty gray with shell-pink facings was most elegant; Mrs. John Dixon wore fawn cloth and velvet; Mrs. John Akers, black velvet and jet; another very *chic* hat was worn by Miss Beatty, of tan felt with velvet bows and feathers; Mrs. Beard wore a very trim gown of gray serge over white vest and a pale gray bonnet with canary-yellow trimming. Some decided forecasts of the winter fashions were to be gathered from the handsome toilettes displayed. I remarked among the occupants of the grand stand: Hon. Frank Smith, Sir David Macpherson, Capt. and Mrs. Manley, Mr. Alfred Gooderham, Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mrs. Percy Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Macfarlane, Mr. and Mrs. J. Carruthers, Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Lee, Mr. J. R. and the Misses Lee, Miss Mary Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Æmilius Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Denison, Judge Morson, Mr. and Mrs. James Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Roddy Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Miles, and hosts of others.

*

The recital given by Miss Jessie Alexander drew a grand audience to the Pavilion on Tuesday evening. It was not a fashionable crowd so much as a friendly, interested, intellectual assembly of folk who were there to hear and see more than to be seen. The Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, accompanied by Mr. and Miss Kirkpatrick, occupied seats in the south side of the end gallery. Miss Alexander wore a Greek costume of delicate rose-pink with crystal *cabuchons* and angel sleeves, which was extremely becoming and dainty as well as artistic. Miss Alexander's facial expression and graceful movements were a delight to see, and her many admirers and friends voted her more charming than ever.

*

Mrs. Larratt-Smith's At Home on Saturday last was as great a success as usual with any entertainment at Summerhill. The Italian orchestra played selections on the veranda, and though so late in the season, the weather was quite favorable for a garden party. Among the guests were: Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Captain and Lady Jane Vankoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Mrs. G. Spragge, Miss Merritt, Mr. George Harman, Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Beatty, Mrs. C. Riordan, Mr. George B. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Sutherland Taylor, Miss Cosens, Mr. and Miss Kirkpatrick of Government House, Mrs. J. D. Hay, Miss Small, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mulock, Miss Maud Yarker, Mrs. and Miss Mackenzie, Mrs. Durie, Mr. Heath, Major and Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mrs. W. B. McMurrich, Miss Dewar, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Martland, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Mrs. Gibb, Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mrs. and Miss Newbigging, Mrs. Clarkson, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Plummer, Miss Crooks, Mr. and Mrs. A. Plummer, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. Mackray, Mrs. Salter Vankoughnet and Miss Manning.

*

Mrs. W. J. Baines has returned from her summer's stay in England.

*

Mrs. John and Miss Mabel Cawthra leave for a winter in Paris early in November.

*

Mrs. and Miss Merritt have returned from their sojourn abroad. Miss Kate Merritt remained in Paris.

*

Mrs. Dewar of Port Hope has taken a house on Spadina avenue for the winter months.

*

Mrs. Alexander Cameron has issued invitations for an At Home on Monday, October 10, at 4.30 o'clock.

*

Mr. Yarker left Toronto for the southern States on Friday of last week for an absence of several weeks.

*

Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Grasett sailed for Canada on October 6.

*

Miss Mackenzie, daughter of Charles Mackenzie, M.P.P., of Sarnia, is the guest of Mrs. Alex. Nairn, Kelvinside, Jarvis street.

*

Mrs. Chas. Dodds Lugsdin of Park road has returned from Detroit after spending a most enjoyable three weeks.

*

Mrs. Charles Shearson of Savannah, Ga., who has been on a visit to friends in Toronto, has gone to Dannville, accompanied by Miss Isabel Stewart of Brunswick avenue, to stay with Mrs. Conolly.

*

Sir Edward and Lady Hill and Miss Hill of Rockwood, Eng., were in town recently.

*

Mr. Justice Tuck of St. John, N.B., was in the city lately.

*

Judge and Mrs. Burton and Mrs. Ferguson have returned from a three months' visit with relatives in the old country.

*

Miss Jenny Carter of Picton has returned home after spending some weeks with friends in the city.

*

Mr. McKeggie of Barrie was in town this week.

*

Mr. R. W. Paterson of New York visited Toronto on Friday last and was the guest of Sheriff Widdifield. He was the sheriff's *compagnon de voyage* during his recent extended tour through Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, Turkey and Greece. Mr. Paterson was for several years a student at Toronto University. Though his stay in the city was a short one, he was entertained by Sheriff Widdifield with a drive through the most beautiful parts of Toronto, a visit to the new Parliament Buildings, the University and Victoria College, and a dinner at the club. He starts on another trip to India, China and Japan in December.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Symons have returned from a three months' trip to England.

*

Mrs. W. A. Brophy of Metcalfe street is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Millar of Chicago.

*

Mrs. Ira Standish will receive at 576 Church street Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday of next week.

*

Miss Vankoughnet of John street gave a tea on Tuesday in honor of Captain and Lady Jane Vankoughnet. Those present were: Mrs. Cayley, Mrs. Newbiggon, Mrs. Pipon, Miss. F. Tully, the Misses Hugel, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Mrs. Macullough, Mrs. Mackray and Mr. E. Vankoughnet.

*

The distribution of prizes which took place at Upper Canada College on Wednesday called together a number of society folk. Among the many guests seated in the handsome hall of the college I remarked: The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Hon. J. Beverley Robinson, Hon. A. W. and Mrs. Ross, Col. Fred and Mrs. Denison, Hon. E. and Mrs. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Delamere, Vice-Chancellor, Mrs. and the Misses Mulock, the Misses Kirkpatrick of Carlton street, Judge and Mrs. Kingsmill, Prof. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Macdonnell, Mr. and Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Moffatt, Mrs. Thomas Moss, Mrs. A. C. Brown, Mrs. and Miss Falconbridge, Major and Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. G. W. Torrance, Dr. and Mrs. Augustus Baldwin, Mrs. Charles and the Misses Ross, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mr. Kingsford, and many other leaders of social and intellectual circles. The Lieut.-Governor was most happy in his remarks as he presented the Governor-General's medal to Mr. Franchot, the head boy for 1892. The boy evidently appreciated the gracious presence of Mrs. Kirkpatrick, as was evidenced by the vigor of the cheers given for her. Mr. Ernest Wright, grandson of ex-Alderman Walker, and Mr. Logie Macdonnell, son of the pastor of St. Andrew's, were among the successful prize winners. Some of the visitors were afterwards invited by Mrs. Dickson to partake of a dainty tea in the principal's apartments. The guard of honor in their very fetching blue and white uniforms were the objects of admiring glances from both young and old as they stood with immovable firmness the ordeal of many compliments.

*

Mr. T. B. Browning of London, England, formerly of Toronto, is making a short visit to friends here.

*

The course of seven lectures by Prof. Clark of Trinity College, on Tennyson and his works, will be held in the Y. M. C. A. hall, Magill street, on Saturday, October 15, and six following Saturdays at 3.30.

*

Mrs. Henry Cawthra gave a charming At Home on Thursday afternoon. Among the guests were: Mrs. Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Boultbee, Mr. and Mrs. Plummer, Mrs. Spragge, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Larratt-Smith, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mrs. Jarvis, Dr. and Mrs. Ryerson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ryerson, the Misses Todd, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. Manning, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Bankes, Mrs. Bethune, Miss Dupont, Miss Greene, Mrs. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Temple and Mrs. Beatty.

*

Mrs. Salter Vankoughnet, 661 Spadina avenue, gave a large At Home on Friday of last week in honor of Capt. and Lady Jane Vankoughnet. Capt. Vankoughnet is a son of the late Chancellor Vankoughnet and is married to Lady Jane, sister of the Marquis of Caledon. Among the principal guests invited to meet them were: Mrs. and Miss Kirkpatrick, Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. Casimir Gzowski, Mrs. James Strachan, Mr. and Mrs. John Hagarty, Miss Hagarty, Mrs. Bankes, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Dr. and Mrs. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. John Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. Frederick Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Gamble, Mr. H. D. Gamble, Mrs. J. Hillyard Cameron, Mr. Kenneth Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. J. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Clark, the Misses Shanly, Mrs. and the Misses Montizambert, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. Justice, Mrs. and Miss Osler, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch, Mr. and Miss Wilkie, Mrs. and Miss Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Martland, Mr. and Mrs. W. Browne, Mr. Frank Jones, Mr. Casimir Dickson, Mr. Mayne Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Pipon, Mr. and Mrs. Gamble Geddes, Mrs. Edward Jones, Mr. Wynn, Mr. Gordon Jones, the Misses Dupont, Miss Langmuir, Miss Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. Grier, Mrs. and Miss Castle, Mr. Tilley, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. S. Nordheimer, Rev. Mr. and Miss Roper, Mr. and Mrs. W. Gwynne and others.

*

Lindenwold, the handsome residence of Mrs. Smart, Jarvis street, was the scene of a very brilliant gathering on Friday afternoon, September 30. Among those present were: Mrs. W. K. Merritt, Mrs. W. H. Beatty, the Misses Beatty, Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. R. Miles, Mrs. F. Wyld, Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. and Miss Hodgins, Mrs. and Miss Wyatt, Mrs. Albert Goodrham, Mrs. George Gooderham, Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, the Misses Gooderham, Mrs. Cecil Lee, Mrs. L. Sweetnam, the Misses Sweetnam, Miss Scott, Miss K. Scott, Mrs. H. W. Dwight, Mrs. Morse, Miss Eva Kennedy, Miss Emma Parsons, Miss Clarkson, Miss Bertha Clarkson, Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Mrs. Columbus and Miss Greene, Mrs. H. S. Mara, Mrs. and Miss Smith, Mrs. T. and the Misses Lee, Mrs. W. Crowther, Mrs. and Miss Mackay, Mrs. Huestis, Miss Lena Mackay, Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mrs. Kay, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Tackaberry, Mrs. and Miss Roper, Miss Helliwell, Miss Minnie Helliwell, Mrs. Cockshutt, Mrs. Bronse, Mrs. Alfred Gooderham and Mrs. Hall.

*

Dr. Edith Clendinneng, daughter of Alderman Clendinneng, M.P.P., Montreal, and Miss Florence Sowdon, medical student, also of Montreal, are visiting Miss Georgina Webster of 99 Baldwin street.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Child receive on the second and fourth Mondays in this month, at their home, 16 Selby street.

*

The nominations for the different offices of the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society were made last Saturday evening as follows: President, Messrs. C. D. Scott, R. A. Grant and M. H. Ludwig; 1st vice-president, Mr. W. T. J. Lee and Mr. Jno. A. MacKay; 2nd vice-president, Mr. D. H. McLean and Mr. G. H. Godfrey;

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

Our stock is now complete with all the latest Novelties in Gloves to match any costume.

R. & G.---CORSETS---P. & D

Millinery
Dressmaking

We are now prepared with our EXCLUSIVE styles for the Autumn.

New Tweeds
New Cloths
New Homespuns

WM. STITT & CO.
11 and 13 King Street East
TORONTO

HEADQUARTERS FOR LAMP GOODS
PANTECHNETHECA
Shade Frames, any size or shape, 50c.

THE J. E. ELLIS CO. LTD.
Have received a large variety of new designs in English and American Sterling Silverware—all new and elegant. When combined with their present large stock, will offer the largest variety of fine novelties ever brought together in Canada—Diamonds from Amstredam, Rubies from Siam, Turquoise from Persia, Opals from Hungary and Australia—the largest collection of unset stones in the trade. Special designs prepared and quotations given.
3 EAST KING ST. COR OF YONGE.

CUNARD LINE
Sailing Every Saturday from New York
UNSURPASSED FOR
Safety, Civility and Comfort
W. A. GEDDES, AGENT
69 Yonge Street, Toronto

SOUTHERN TOURS
Bermuda, Florida, Nassau, Cuba, Mexico, Jamaica, Barbados, West Indies, Azores, Riviera, Egypt, Palestine, Etc., Etc.
BARLOW CUMBERLAND
Gen. S. S. and Tourist Agency, 72 Yonge St., Toronto.

HERBERT E. SIMPSON
PHOTOGRAPHER
143 College Street - - Toronto
3RD DOOR WEST OF QUEEN ST. AVENUE
Successor to late NOTMAN & FRASER.

Suitable for Wedding Presents
Cutlery Cabinets, Carvers in Cases, Dessert Knives and Forks, Fish Knives and Forks, Fish Servers, Piano Lamps, Banquet Lamps, Princess Lamps, Boudoir Lamps, Onyx Tables, Onyx Cabinets, Jardinares, Jardinare Stands.
Genuine French Pantin Lamps and Shades
RICE LEWIS & SON (LIMITED)
King Street East TORONTO

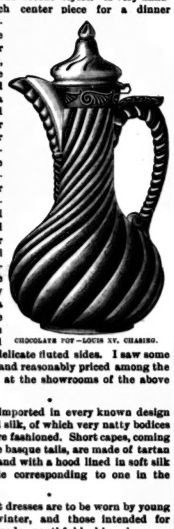
In Gold and Silver.

THERE are fashions in silverware, as everyone knows, and one can be behind the times in the matter of saltcellars and mustard pots, just as much as in hats. The very sweetest new notion in the former article I saw the other day at the Toronto Silver Plate Co.'s handsome showrooms on King street west. It is a real oyster shell, gilded, and banded with gold, the inner shell being left *au naturel*, in its varying mother-of-pearl tints. Lovely little gold salt spoons go with the shell saltcellar, and it makes a most charming table decoration, being highly ornamental as well as useful. Other quaint conceits were shown in nut-bowls, ornamented with a spray of peanuts, which design is formed over the actual spray as it is picked, and reproduces every line in a casing of gold. Sliver *porte papetieres*, with compartments for paper and envelopes, to stand on a davenport, seemed rather neat and useful, as well as beautiful.

CUP AND SAUCER—DAMASCUS CHASING

•

A handsome present, and one which every woman would welcome, would be a set of silver-backed brushes and hand-glass. The oxydized styles are rather *passee*. Bright silver is at present *a la mode*. A very lovely new design, of a French tendency, is in a complete tea-set, with wreaths of roses and true lover's knots chased on plain burnished silver. The effect is graceful and rich, and a pleasant change from the recent styles. A very handsome and rich center piece for a dinner table is a circular plate glass mirror set in silver, with massive claw-feet, and in its midst a quaint-shaped silver bowl for flowers or fruit. Solitaire salts are shaped in silver plate over English walnuts, Brazil nuts and other queer or beautiful forms. A present dear to the heart of every lady is a Queen Anne teapot, with its rounded corners and delicate fluted sides. I saw some very graceful and reasonably priced among the pretty things at the showrooms of the above named firm.



CHOCOLATE POT—LOUIS XV. CHASING.

•

Plaids are imported in every known design in soft twilled silk, of which very natty bodices and blouses are fashioned. Short capes, coming just below the basque tails, are made of tartan goods, faced, and with a hood lined in soft silk of some shade corresponding to one in the plaid.

•

Black velvet dresses are to be worn by young ladies this winter, and those intended for brides are made youthful-looking by very fanciful gay-colored corsages of wool and silk richly embroidered in bright colors. Indeed, the sleeve puffs and skirt alone are of the black velvet, and the skirt is enriched by a border of brown or black fox fur, and a belt of the velvet embroidered with gold and jet beads. A high blouse waist falling from a round yoke of embroidered velvet is of greenish-blue chuddah wool nearly concealed by lengthwise stripes of yellow velvet alternating with others of cashmere embroidery. The black velvet yoke and its high collar band have radiating bands of embroidery and are invisibly fastened on the left side. The blouse droops evenly all around in a slight puff on the embroidered belt of the skirt. The sleeves have the blue and yellow of the bodice appearing only around the elbows, while the embroidered velvet forms a wide puff at the top, and close cuffs above the wrists.

•

House dresses for afternoon receptions and for one's days at home are of the new repped silks that are finely dotted or speckled, and shot with two or three colors. One of these dresses is of clear green shading to dahlia red. This has a round waist of the silk taken bias with a seam down the middle of the front, fastened invisibly on the left and draped in Greek cross folds below a round yoke of dahlia velvet that is almost of a magenta red hue. Shoulder straps of this velvet and a high collar band of the same are covered with jet passementerie of seven strands of beads draped between stiff standing bars. A velvet belt also bordered with jet is pointed in front, and extends up the back in a point. The gored skirt lined with silk is bordered across the front with velvet and jet, and has two tabs of the same coming down below the belt on each side near the back.

•

There are two ways of making wedding-gowns this season. The first, for *vrille* silks and plain satins, has a high round waist with wide soft belt, and this is called an Empire corsage, though made over a fitted lining that reaches to the natural waist of gowns of the First Empire. The sleeves have a short, broad, Empire puff of the silk or satin above long, close sleeves of lace that are left transparent. A collar of lace is wide and high, and is draped around the neck, the front and back being shirred lengthwise. A bunch of orange blossoms fastens the collar on the left side, and a trailing cluster of these blossoms is thrust in the wide girdle. The trained skirt is cut clinging in front and bell-shaped in the back, as the *modiste* may prefer. It is bordered with two or three bias folds of the material headed by small *choux*, or else by a slight garland of orange flowers. Dotted tulle will be used for veils this season, but not to the exclusion of the becoming veil of plain tulle.

LA MODE.

Thanks are given for information to Mr. E. Gooderham of the Toronto Silver Plate Company.

John and Jim.

There is a constant comedy of errors at the Victoria. At that hostelry there are two hall boys, brothers, who are very much alike in their personal appearance. They are both about thirteen years old, as they are twins, and except when seen together it is almost impossible to tell which is John and which is Jim. In fact, it is a matter of some doubt in the minds of the clerks and guests whether they have not so mixed themselves that each has forgotten whether he is himself or his brother. When one of them is on duty alone the name John or Jim is good enough for him.

One evening recently at six o'clock John came to relieve Jim, or Jim came to relieve John. The question will not be definitely decided until Mr. Schaefer and Mr. Wheaton meet in the Olympic ring. Just on the stroke of that eventful six o'clock Mr. Wheaton was going off duty. He stepped to the door and called "Jim." The brothers were standing close together, and each looked at the other. "Jim," again thundered the big clerk. Each boy puzzled the other, but otherwise neither stirred. Mr. Wheaton changed his tactics, and yelled "John." The clerk became exasperated. "If John don't come here this minute I'll have him discharged."

Both boys came at a trot.

Mr. Schaefer asked him which he was going to discharge.

"Why, this one," said Mr. Wheaton; "this one is John; I know it."

"No, it ain't," said Schaefer; "that's Jim."

"I'll bet you a V," said Wheaton.

The V was covered.

But during the discussion the boys had innocently changed places two or three times. When the clerks were informed of this they angrily disputed about which was the one they had bet upon. The stakeholder averted bloodshed by giving each of them back his $5. Then they were both happy and said they didn't give a rap which was Jim and which was John. The boys are as much alike mentally as they are physically.

W. J. Radcliff went out of the ladies' entrance the other afternoon, and as he did so he gave one of the boys a small box and told him to keep it until he returned. He did not return until after change of watch.

"Well, sir, have you got my box?"

"What box?"

"What box, you young rascal! Why, the box I gave you before I went out."

"You never gave me no box. I just come on. It must a' been my brother. He'll be back in the morning."

The actor had to curb his impatience till morning.

The next morning he went down and saw, presumably, the same boy.

"Didn't you tell me your brother would be here this morning?"

"No, sir."

"Young man, God hates a liar."

"Do he?"

"Yes, he do," said the exasperated actor, "and I'll get you discharged for lying."

He picked the terrified boy up and hurried with him into the office.

He explained the circumstances as he understood them to Mr. Schaefer. The boy listened intently, and when the actor had finished he pulled the box out of his pocket and said "Here's your box. I didn't lie, it was my brother. I was the first boy."

The actor, feeling keenly the injustice he had done the youngster, took fifty cents from his pocket and said: "Here, take this, Johnny."

"Don't Jimmy get nuthin'?" said the boy.

"Why?" asked the actor.

"'Cause I'm Jimmy."

At last, by means of this fifty cents, the riddle has been solved, and the boys will be kept from getting mixed up until dissimilar suits of clothes are made for them.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Making His Calling and Election Sure

Fanning—Hanning was your class mate last year, wasn't he?

Channing—Yes.

Fanning—What induces him to go into politics immediately upon graduation?

Channing—His success at college.

Fanning—Take the prize in Political Economy?

Channing—No. Cheated on all his examinations.

A Horrible Threat.

Boston Mother—Now, Emerson, if you are not a good boy whilst I am perambulating, you shall not practice your logarithms and trigonometry this evening, nor will you be allowed to read your Browning or your Ibsen for a week.

Defined.

Marriage isn't so much a failure as it is a sort of compromise on both sides.

"I hadn't heard that you'd been ill, Smith, son."

"Have though; been pretty close to death's door."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; two doctors in the house at the same time."

A Ward Healer—The hospital doctor.

A KEG OF OUR PORTER IS BETTER THAN A BARREL OF DRUGS

$1.50 A KEG

Spadina Brewery

Tel. 1363. Kensington Ave. us.

SILVERWARE

having the name and trade marks of the

Toronto Silver Plate Co.

is not only guaranteed as to quality, but posseses artistic merit only equalled by a few of the best known makers.

To responsible parties Designs with Estimates will be submitted of special goods that can be made to order, and not reproduced if desired.

Sterling Silver and Electro Silver Plate carried in stock in great variety in Nic-nacks, Novelties and Staples, suitable for Wedding, Christmas and other presents.

FACTORIES AND SALESROOMS:

570 King Street West, Toronto

E. G. GOODERHAM, Manager — JNO. C. COFF, Sec.-Treas.

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

Millinery.

THE decrees of fashion touching the head-gear the gentler sex shall wear has once more gone forth. Semi-annually this pilgrimage to the centers of fashion must needs be made by woman. Other mandates may be disobeyed, but no woman can ignore the mandate that stipulates what style of hat or bonnet shall prevail for the particular season. The summer head-gear will not answer for fall and winter. The new season has come; the new bonnet must be secured.

Millinery.

What'll the new hat look like—how shaped? We knew you'd enquire. The crown of hats will be more lofty in their aspirations than formerly—higher. Felt, beaver and plush-covered goods, and particularly velvette—a lighter weight of velveteens—will be in favor.

Ribbons in Many Colorings.

We associate millinery and mantles together. The quarters assigned to each other are together. One wants a new hat or bonnet; a new coat or cape is likely wanted, too. The mantle stocks are very fine

Take elevator to Mantle and Millinery rooms.

R. SIMPSON

S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto. | Entrance Yonge Street. Entrance Queen Street.

Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

The worst cases of ACNE AND ECZEMA completely cured

Face Massage when useful

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES AND BIRTHMARKS PERMANENTLY REMOVED BY ELECTROLYSIS

German Baths for Thin and Nervous Women

All letters answered. Please enclose stamp.

MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM'S ACADEMY OF DERMATOLOGY

145 1-2 Yonge Street

NEW YORK GOODS

LADIES' OVERGAITERS

IN Gray, Fawn, Tan, Seal Brown, Navy Blue and Black.

Prices range from $1.00 to $1.75

79 King Street East

CAUTION

Beware of imitations of

BABY'S OWN SOAP

The only genuine has the ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.'s name on the wrapper on each cake.

R.M. MELVILLE

Toronto General Steamship Agency

28 ADELAIDE STREET EAST

For Steamship Tickets to All Parts of the World at Lowest Rates

R. SCORE & SON

77 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

LADIES' TAILORS AND HABIT MAKERS

Our Ladies' Salon is now open, under the management of Mr. D. Weinfeld, who for the past seven years has had charge of MARCUS & CO.'s Ladies' Tailoring Establishment in London, Eng., and formerly of REDFERN'S, in Paris. PRICES MODERATE.

A fine range of Homespuns for Ulsters and Cheviots for Riding Habits.

Fashionable Milliner

MISS PAYNTER

3 King St. East

FIRST FLAT

Ascend by Elevator

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF THE Latest Novelties AT FRENCH Millinery Emporium

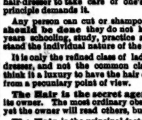
ARTISTIC MILLINERY

63 King Street West

MRS. BLACK (Up stairs) Manager. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MISS B. PATON DESIRES TO MAKE the announcement to her numerous friends and patrons that she is prepared to present for their consideration the very latest English, French and American fashions. Parisian dinner and evening dresses, designed by L. Michau, medalist, and Dayon's Fils, editeurs of the Paris *Toilette Journal de Mode*. Tailor-made suits and riding habits a specialty. MISS PATON

E. Walker & Sons, King St. East



REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER

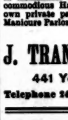
The Leading Educational Institutions

are adopting the Remington to the exclusion of all other Typewriters.

Machines sent to any part of Ontario on rental for practice or office work. GEORGE BENGOUGH

10 and 12 Adelaide Street East, TORONTO.

Telephone 1207.



The Crowning Glory of a Woman

is not her Dress, nor is it her Bonnet, but it is

HER HAIR

Which requires to be cultivated and taken care of just as much as our health. It is not a luxury to have a hair-dresser to take care of one's hair, but the hygienic principle demands it.

Any person can cut or shampoo the hair, but how it should be done they do not know. It requires many years schooling, study, practice and experience to understand the individual nature of the hair of each person.

It is only the refined class of ladies who patronize a hair-dresser, and not the common class, who would certainly think it a luxury to have the hair dressed by a hair dresser, from a pecuniary point of view.

The Hair is the secret agent who will tell all about its owner. The most ordinary observer can read it plainly, yet the owner will read others, but not her own hair.

The Hair is the principal factor of a lady's appearance, and can be cultivated, improved, preserved and dressed in fashionable styles at lady's own residence, or at our commodious Hair-dressing Parlors. Every lady has her own private parlor. Face Massage, Face Steaming and Manicure Parlor in connection. Consultation invited.

J. TRANCLE-ARMAND & CO.

441 Yonge and 1 Carlton Street

Telephone 2496 Toronto, Ont.

Standard Dress Bones

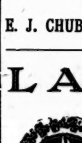
"UNEQUALLED" IS THE VERDICT OF All Those Who Have Used the STANDARD DRESS BONES

The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior sateen. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.

Ask for Them They are the Best

SOLD BY All the Leading Retail Dry Goods Merchants Throughout the Dominion

IZOD'S PATENT CORSETS Are the Best. Prepared by a New and Special Scientific Process.



Medical opinion recommends them for THE HEALTH.

Public opinion all over the world unanimous that they are unsurpassed for COMFORT, STYLE, AND DURABILITY. SOLD IN EVERY TOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. Name and Trade Mark, Anchor, on every pair and box. Ask your Draper or Outfitter for IZOD'S make; take no other, and see you get them, as bad makes are often sold for sake of extra profit. Write for our sheet of Drawings.

E. IZOD & SON.

30, Milk St., London.

Manufactory: LANDPORT, HANTS.

DRESSMAKING

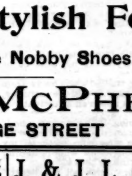
Evening Dresses and Riding Habits

Dresses Cut and Fitted

CORSETS TO ORDER ANY STYLE.

E. J. CHUBB, 256½ Yonge Street, south of Trinity Square.

LADIES ASK FOR



BARBOUR'S LINEN THREADS

The Best for All Purposes

Sold by All Dealers

HANDSOME FEET

Are those dressed in

McPherson's Stylish Footwear

Ours are the Nobby Shoes

GEORGE McPHERSON

186 YONGE STREET

Telephone 1551

A LOVELY FACE

is in most cases produced by the aid of artistic hair dressing. The lovely fall styles for ladies' wear in new and pretty shapes in Bangs, Waveletts and Switches have been very much admired by all who visited Dorenwend's during the Fair. Ladies and gentlemen requiring Hair Goods Coverings should not miss seeing the magnificent selection. Ladies can have their hair dressed, shampooed, cut, singed, dyed, bleached, &c., on the premises by competent artists.

Dorenwend's Paris Hair Works 103 and 105 Yonge St. Toronto

J. & J. L. O'MALLEY

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

EXTRA VALUE IN CARPETS

GIVE US A CALL

FALL HOUSE-CLEANING

Remember our Hygienic Carpet Cleaner is the only suitable process in the city.

All kinds of upholstering and repairing promptly attended to.

J. & J. L. O'MALLEY

Telephone 1057 160 Queen St. West

TWICE LOST:

A Tale of Love and Fortune.

By RICHARD DOWLING,

Author of "The Hidden Flame," "Fatal Bonds," "Tempest Driven," "A Baffling Quest," Etc.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XVII.

JOHN CRANE SENDS OUT AN EXPEDITION TO HOXTON.

This memorable evening, on which John Crane proposed to Edith Orr, he had, before leaving Water lane, asked his foreman, Ben Sherwin, to wait until he came back from the other side of the river. Crane did not tell him the purpose for which he wanted him. Employer and foreman were of the one age, and no two could be better friends. Sherwin admired with enthusiasm and wonder the persistent, dauntless vigor of Crane, and Crane knew that few better workmen than Sherwin were to be discovered in London, and in their personal intercourse he found the greatest refreshment and relaxation in the lighter spirit of the other.

When Crane returned to his little place in Water lane he found Ben smoking a pipe in the little room behind the shop.

"There are a few things I want to talk to you about, Ben," said Crane. "I have brought in half a pint of the best whisky, and half a dozen of the best cigars, and, far as they will go, let us have a carouse.

"A beautiful idea," said Ben, "but almost too good to be true. It is, I think, his first offence, your worship; or his first offence of the kind anyway. Let me see what else we want. You supply the materials for the feast. I will contribute the stage properties. Let me see how we can ornament the banquet. Yes, we require two windsor elbow chairs, two glasses, one jug of cold water (the banqueter did not think of lemon; therefore, there is no use in dreaming of hot water). Now, then, the board is set; fall to." He pushed an elbow chair towards Crane, took one himself, made a glass of grog, lit a cigar, ascertained by sipping that his grog was satisfactory, and clasping his hands in front of him said with a sigh of approval, "For the present this is delightful, and for the present I defy the future. Go on, John Crane. Are you about to propose a reduction of my salary?"

"Well, we'll see about that later," said Crane with a grave smile. "I have something to say to you about the subject; but first I have a couple of other things to talk of first."

"If you dismiss me," said Sherwin, "I'll come at midnight and burn down the place."

"All right, I'll leave the door open. But to be serious—"

"Heavens! Here's a man who doesn't think it serious to be roasted alive in his bed. How would it be if I threw in blue fire at the wings and slow music? Well, go on, John Crane, I don't mind your being serious, so long as the whisky and cigars last. Go on."

"Ben, I haven't a friend in the world, unless you will allow me to call you one," said Crane, with a strange unaccustomed tremor in his voice.

The other man looked at his employer sharply and winked his eyes rapidly, as if to clear his sight. He had never before detected a trace of sentiment in Crane's tone or manner, and Sherwin was surprised and disconcerted. "All right," he said; "go on. You may count on me from scalp to moccasins."

"I thought so. I think I know you better than you know yourself," said Crane, looking straight before him at the surbase.

"I hope you know better of me than I know of myself," said Ben, a little huskily. "But you can't know anyone who would do more for you, Jack, than I would. You might put your life in my hands." Ben, too, was looking fixed at the surbase. Neither man cared to look into the other's eyes.

"I am going to put more than my life into your hands, Ben," said Crane firmly, "if you will take charge of it for me."

Sherwin drew a deep breath. "I will take care of anything you put in my hands as if were my own honor. In fact, the care of anything you put in my hands would be part of my honor. You know me well, Jack, and you know I am not over wise, but I think I am loyal, and I think I am willing."

"It is because I know loyalty to be your strongest power that I speak to you to-night."

Sherwin's eyes grew bright and moist, and a lump came in his throat. He had always prized as the light and irresponsible member of John Crane's modest staff. It took his spirit into grateful thrall to find that this man had seen into him, had penetrated the artificial surface and pierced to the genuine, kindly, romantic spirit below. "Go on," was all he could say, and even this he could say only in a thick and broken voice. He drank some grog and coughed and sneezed and gasped to cover his confusion.

"Well, Ben, we'll drop that kind of thing—"

"I'm heartily obliged to you," said Sherwin, interrupting. "It's worse than thumbscrews and the rack. Will you give me a light?" He hadn't his partly-smoked cigar in his hand, and he didn't know where to find it, although it was at his elbow.

Crane raised his glass and emptied it at a draught. Out of the corner of his eye Sherwin saw this with apprehension. Crane was an abstemious man and did not drink spirits once a month. It must indeed be a trying occasion when he wanted stimulant for courage. "I have to-day, Ben," said he, in a voice which had regained its firmness, "taken the most important step of my life: I have asked Miss Edith Orr to be my wife, and she has consented."

Sherwin was done with the surbase for the present. He looked at his friend. The eyes of the two men met with a frankness that meant more than a hand grasp, as Sherwin said slowly and firmly, "I think, John Crane, she is good enough for you. If she is, she is the only woman who is."

"You ought not to have any more to drink," said Crane, looking fixedly at the floor.

Sherwin took up his glass. "I have only touched it with my lips. I have had nothing to drink all day. I drink confusion to your modesty, John Crane, and may God give you all the happiness and prosperity you deserve. If you got fair measure you will have more in each than ever any other man enjoyed." He rose and drained his glass.

"You ought to have more to drink," said Crane, as he refilled his foreman's glass. "In your present condition you are not to be borne with."

Sherwin pushed the refilled glass away from him. "This, John Crane," said he severely, "is not a carouse; it is not even a festival. It is a sacred rite."

"So be it," said Crane. "The woman who is to be my wife came to an understanding with me, like a sweetheart, that she is to be my friend for life and I come to an understanding to-night. Will you drink to that?"

"Ay," said Sherwin, "with all my heart." They drank to John Crane's betrothal and to their life-long friendship, and then, with minds relieved, the two young men sat down and smoked awhile in silence to recover their composure.

After a few minutes Crane began, after knocking the ashes off his cigar and looking at Sherwin with shining eyes, who was grateful to fate that formal preliminaries had been disposed of—"I needn't bother you, Ben, with the affairs of business here. You have often heard me speak of an uncle in Central America. You know he said he'd leave all to me when his time for going came. Well, his time for going has come. I have got a letter from Santa Fax, saying he is dead, and that everything he is worth was left to me in a will made some years ago."

"So that you are a rich man!"

"I don't know that. I only know that whatever he had is mine. It appears that the will originally left half to a cousin of mine, a Mary or Pollie Stebbing that was, and Jeaters that is. She married a rich swell, and when our uncle heard this he altered his will and made all over on me. I don't know much about this Santa Fax, except that it is somewhere in Central America. I believe it's a very poor place. Once I had a notion of going out at the invitation of the old man, but I started this business instead. Now it appears I shall have to go out there, and I shall have to leave everything here in the hands of someone else.

"You are not thinking of settling in America?"

"No! It appears my uncle left his affairs in a very confused condition. No one there knows exactly how things stand, and it will be absolutely necessary for me to be on the spot to wind up matters."

"What do you purpose doing when you get there?"

"I shall sell up the whole lock, stock and barrel, bring back the money and put it into this business."

"You have no notion of how much it will fetch!"

"Not the slightest. Perhaps some thousands; but it would not do to count on so much. But I may surely count on a few hundreds, and a few hundreds thrown into our speculation here would make it go. I have notions of my own for patents and so on."

"And you mean to get married before you start!"

"Dear me, no. I believe the climate is unhealthy. I could not think of taking her with me, and to marry her and go away would not look kind or reasonable behaviour. Suppose any accident should happen me among those Creoles and Indians and half-castes. No, I shall go single-handed and a single man, wind up the concern, come back as soon as ever I can, put the proceeds into this business, and when all is ship shape get married. That's my programme. If I realise a good sum of money I may extend this business and begin modestly as a manufacturer.

"I see. Well, Jack, all I can say is I believe your plan an admirable one and that I am sure it will succeed, and that if the help and goodwill of one humble individual can be of service you may count on him to the last kick in his vile carcass."

"I know that and I am glad to know it; for before I leave England I am going to make an important change in this place; that is, if I can induce a friend of mine to fall into my views. I am thinking of getting rid of my present foreman."

"You may save yourself the trouble," said Sherwin restlessly, "he is not going. He intends to stay. Your foreman knows his own mind on that subject."

Crane took no heed of the other's words. "I am going to send my present foreman adrift, and I am about to ask a friend of mine, Ben Sherwin by name, to come into partnership with me." He looked out straight before him at the wall.

Sherwin started and began pulling nervously at his mustache. "You may find a difficulty in that quarter."

"Difficulty! What difficulty? Ben Sherwin is my friend and will not refuse me if I ask him. Why, a little he would do a great deal for me."

"He may be an excellent fellow, but like many others who may be excellent fellows he hasn't got a fillke to put into the firm."

"But he possesses qualities I value more than money.

"If you mean brains, I don't agree with you. I am well acquainted with the creature and know him to be a harum-scarum sort of a fellow who has a great liking for his present employment and more than a great liking for his present employer. He is quite content with his position in the Water Lane establishment, and if his master found it necessary to go a long journey he would be quite content to continue as he now is, and do the very utmost that is in him for the business during the master's absence."

"The man who was his master knows that very well, and is deeply grateful to Sherwin for it and thanks him in his heart for it all; but, you see, this unfortunate Sherwin has now no master at all. He is out of a situation, and there is no chance whatever of his getting a character from his former master, or partnership most opportunely offers, and he cannot but take it. Perhaps if he knew that it would not mean a sudden advance on his late salary he might not hesitate. I don't think he could do better than take it, and he would greatly oblige me if he does consent. Details can be arranged afterwards, but, my dear Ben, if you want to confer a favor on me you will agree to accepting an interest in the business. I could go away with twice the spirit and confidence if you were in my shoes here. Then I want to make a kind of bargain that will be of advantage to the Muscovy place folk in case anything should happen to me while I am away. And above all and before all, I want to leave my sweetheart in charge of my partner and not my foreman."

With a sudden impulse Sherwin turned to Crane and caught his hand. "Very well," he said, earnestly; "it's a bargain. I'll do anything to honor your sweetheart, John Crane, and if I am guilty of anything unworthy of her or you, I give you leave to dissolve the partnership and dissolve my bones. That isn't exactly an oath, but I mean it as such, and the meaning is everything in a case of this kind."

"I'll put a regular deed drawn up securing to you as much as the place is worth to you now, and a share over and above that. And now that we have settled the business and that you know the responsibilities more precious than my life, which I want to entrust to you, I want to ask you to do me a little favor."

"I am always suspicious of you when you ask a man to do you a favor. What you call getting a favor from a man is inducing him to hold out his hand while you fill it for him. I am listening, but on my guard, John Crane."

Crane smiled: "I shall be very busy down about here. I want, if possible, to find my cousin, Mary Stebbing, who married this rich swell Jeaters. If he's rich and a swell, he's easily found, I suppose. I know she lived at Hoxton (queer place for a rich swell to live) when she was married. I don't know how to go about such an enquiry myself; but I dare say if you went there you could light on something."

"Well, I may not be able to do much, but I'll try, anyway."

"If you like, you needn't come here to morrow. I'd like to get trace of Mary (Pollie she was called) Jeaters as soon as you can, if it is to be done at all."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ST. VINCENT TENANTLESS AGAIN.

On the floor of the great hall Jeaters lay, prone and stunned, but still continuously uttering cry: "Save me, Frank!" as the slight, white figure of his wife disappeared down the murderous shoot.

His legs had given way under him at the sound of that piercing cry of intolerable pathos. This cry of confidence in him in her desperate and awful need wrung his soul, and in an over whelming blaze the infamy of his conduct shone before him. He lay paralyzed and seared, as if the blast from a fiery furnace had touched and withered him. She whom he had sworn to love, cherish and support, had called upon him for help in her death agony, and he had closed his ears!

Could this be true? Could it be true that he had seen Pollie walk slowly towards that accursed pit, and that he had stretched forth his hand to pluck her back from harm, from death?

Incredible! It could not be that he would wilfully see Pollie walk into her grave. Was it to be believed that he, Frank Jeaters, could stand idly by while she, suffering from the infirmity of sleepwalking, marched to her death in the days of her young life? Who could credit it? Who could credit that Frank Jeaters, in whom there was no faculty or cruelty, could watch his wife die an awful death when one motion of his hand would save her? Could anyone credit that he would let the merest stranger stumble into such a tomb? Monstrous! The whole scene must be the result of delusion. He must be in a dream, seeing things and events which had no existence, or he must unknowingly have drugged himself again and be in the baneful thrall of poison; or he must have seen the ghost of some wretched woman who perished long ago in that hideous shoot.

Oh, yes, there could be no doubt of it. He was the victim of delusion, and by and by some change—some blessed change would take place and all would be well—life would be comfortable and easy and homilar and full of hopsome once more. In good time, after many days of ordinary existence, he would tell Pollie of this awful vision, and she and he would laugh at the idle fancy which almost drove him mad this night.

If he could be sure of anything in life again there could be no doubt that he was lying on the floor of the great hall. He could feel the cold, smooth marble with his burning palms. The light from the two open doors illuminated a long strip of the marble floor and rose weakly on the wall, disclosing the polished brass handle which worked the trap, and the trap itself standing up over the gaping, treacherous hole.

With a numbed feeling he rose from the floor and scattered clumsily across the polished pavement to the handle in the wall. He let down the trap, slowly, automatically, like a man but in a mechanical way discharging a duty of no importance or interest. Then with inert, uncertain steps he crossed the hall, and entering the inner building hinned his way into a room.

That vision might have been the last effort of that vile drug, or a dream or a ghostly manifestation. He had gone through these views of the case before, and no conclusion could come of again turning the matter over from any of these three points. Nothing injured the mind more than concentrating it on one immovable idea and going round and round that idea, like the horse in a mill.

If all he fancied he saw had happened, in what position would he be? Not a very desperate or a criminal one surely. He said his wife had been on the very best of terms that night. He had fetched her down from the upper part of the house, whither she had fled during his absence. She had gone upstairs because she felt lonely while he was away; a proof of the excellent terms on which they lived as man and wife. Had he not carried her from the sitting-room to the sleeping-room, and had he not helped her to bed? Had he not ever since he came home that evening, ever since he found her in the dreary wilderness over his head, spoken to her in the most soothing and gentle way? Why, nothing in the world could come against him, and, if it had not been that his infernal luck had driven him to open the sitting room door, just as she was crossing the hall, he might now be lying there on the couch, sleeping soundly and blamelessly, notwithstanding that the trap had done its work.

Maybe so. But who had set that trap its work to do? What was the work expected of that trap?

Frank Jeaters did not answer either of these questions. He bounded to his feet, drew his twisted his fingers in his hair, and tore it to deaden the frantic horror of his thoughts. And then, whether he would or no, the answers to these questions came. The answers to those questions appeared written in words of flame on a ground of black night:

Who had set that trap to work to do?

Frank Jeaters had set that trap.

What was the work expected of that trap?

Frank Jeaters set that trap to murder his wife.

And these answers now showed written in fire on the vault of night, on the field of the universal sky for all men to see, for all demons to read with tears, for all demons to read with mocking laughter; written in flame on the vault of night for the eye of Isiras who when on earth had revealed the holy beauty of gentleness towards women; written in flame on the vault of night for the eye of Jehovah, the inexorable, the mighty, the angry God of the First Dispensation!

A cold sweat broke out on Jeaters, and he flung himself down on the couch and groaned.

Terror exhausted him. In a while he became calm.

After all, he had been racking himself over imaginary dangers and evils. He must dismiss the moral and spiritual aspect of the event. Let him take a purely personal and mundane look at his position.

They could prove nothing against him. No scene of violence had ever taken place between him and his wife, and the only unhappy scene had occurred in this place when they had no witness. Even the scenes here had been made up altogether of Pollie's fantasies.

Nothing could be proved against him. Few knew about that trap. No one had seen him raise it. St. Vincent place was so quiet and solitary that the chances were a thousand to one no one had seen him enter the hotel that evening. They did not know at the company's office that he was a married man. Even Pollie, his great friend Hilliers, did not know he had a wife. The Wrothbeys, with whom they lodged in Hoxton, did not know to what place they were going when they left the north side. On crossing the river they left the past behind them. He had explained to Pollie that his object in concealing his law address from the Wrothbeys and other Hoxton folk, was to cut the past, that they were entering on a new career which would not be improved by reference to Hoxton and which would admit of no intercourse with her old acquaintances.

But why need he examine so microscopically the evidence which could be produced against him, when, if everything done by him had been witnessed by a thousand people their evidence could not harm him? Even the circumstances of the charge these thousand witnesses could bring against him would be that he saw his wife hurrying towards a dangerous place, and did not prevent her. They could not prove what had been in his mind. They could prove nothing in the world but that he saw her crossing the hall towards the hole, and that he did not arrest her progress.

And out of that he had been making a tragedy for the hanging of himself, whereas not preventing a person from committing suicide or going in the way of death was no offence at all in the eyes of the law of the land, no matter how such conduct might be regarded by the world and the moral law.

To think of it! A minute ago he had been tearing his hair out in despair, and now, after a few minutes' calm reasoning he had driven his foolish fears away, like feathers before a gale.

Now that he had recovered his right mind, what was he to do? It would be dangerous to stay in this place. There were a thousand things he need not look at against his remaining here another moment. He need not decide on any final course just now. All the night and most of the morrow lay between him and the need for action. At present he had only to leave this place and he would be safe—safe for a while, anyway.

He snatched the lamp and went quickly into the bed-room. He must put out the lamp still burning there and, repugnant as the idea was, he must look round the place to see that the room would tell no tales in case of that most unlikely thing in the world, a visit from a stranger.

No sooner did he cross the threshold of the bed-room than, with a cry of terror, the lamp he carried fell from his hand, went out, was shattered in a hundred pieces at his feet. He staggered forward a pace over the steaming fragments and fell against the wall.

On the plate of the dressing-glass and from inside the frame was a piece of paper of the same size and appearance as the one he had found there earlier.

"Are my eyes betraying me? Is this a phantom of the older paper? or is it a note from Pollie—a letter from the grave?"

His mouth hung open, his eyes were fixed in rigid terror on the paper. The sweat beaded on his forehead, slipped down, hung in his horrent eyebrows, and fell in large drops upon his cheek.

"It would have been better for me if I had gone down the trap after her," he whispered through his palsied lips.

For a while he could not muster courage enough to cross the floor. The former note had filled him with fear; this thickened his blood with horror.

At length he shook himself, brushed the blinding drops from his eyebrows and eyelashes, and strode up to the table.

The note was from Pollie again. The writing was weaker, though less tremulous than the former—

"My darling husband, Frank,—I love you better than ever, but while I was upstairs in this awful house to day it came to me like a revelation that you never loved me as I loved you, and that now you would be glad if I was dead. After you left me just now I felt a great change coming over me. I know I shall die before morning. I am as sure of that as I am the sun will rise. I just must strength enough to get up and write this. You are asleep, my love, and I wouldn't disturb you for the world. If I had anything to forgive in you I would forgive you with all my heart and soul, but you were always good and kind to me. You were always my love and you are my love still, but as I am no longer your love I would rather you I am glad to go, and I hear the call. I have got out of bed with my last strength to say good-bye to you, my first, my only love. I know you are asleep, and if I would you wake you even to say a last good-bye, my beautiful sweetheart, my dear, dear husband Frank. God bless you, my own, and may you be as happy without your poor Pollie as she has been with you. It is hard to die so young, but my Frank does not want me any longer, and I hear the call. My darling one, I would like to kiss you once, even as you sleep. But I will not wake you. Perhaps when I am asleep to-morrow you will kiss me and God will let me know. POLLIE."

He folded up the paper, put it in his pocket and looking around sternly said in a strong, firm voice:

"There must be no more of this hide and seek hocus-pocus fooling. Pollie, come here."

He walked a while, then taking up the lamp, still burning on the bed-room table, he said angrily, "I know she said something of being lonely and afraid of the trap, and that she would go upstairs if I was not home early."

He went up the broad staircase, stopping every few steps to call out "Pollie! Pollie! Come down! I say, I will have no more of this nonsense. Pollie, I say come down."

He went down each of the four great corridors and opened each door and looked into each room, calling angrily. Then he ascended to the upper corridors and rooms. Every nook and cupboard of the great, deserted, ghostly house he visited, calling her name sternly, angrily in each, and protesting that he would have no more of this nonsense.

At last he gave up and descended to the great hall.

"She must have disobeyed me and gone out," he said, glancing round. "No accident could have happened here. I took the precaution, knowing how ill she is and how she suffers from an absurd horror of the water, and fearing suicidal mania, I took the trouble, I say, to put down the trap of that foolish luggage shoot. I'll go out and look for her. She must not again leave this place without my distinct permission. Let the anxiety I am suffering owing to her idiotic dread of the Thames."

He extinguished the lamp and strode angrily out into the dark deserted streets of Verdon and roamed about, calling her name sternly. Those whom he passed said he was mad and drunk.

At 1 morning shortly after daybreak a policeman found him sleeping in one of the green lanes of the dreary Plumstead Marshes.

"Wake up," said the policeman. "That's no place for you to go to sleep."

"What o'clock is it?" asked Jeaters with a smile, as he put his hand into his pocket for his watch and drew out nothing.

"You've been robbed of your watch, and serves you right for getting drunk and going to bed in such a place."

"Robbed!—no!" said Jeaters, with another smile. "I have left my watch to be repaired, to-day I will get it back from the hand of the lovely Edith Orr."

"Get up anyway, or I run you in."

With a yell Jeaters sprang from the ground. "Run me in for what?" he screamed, seizing the policeman by the arm.

The policeman shook himself clear and stepped back. "Well, for being a lunatic at large." said he threateningly, "if you go on with any of your games."

"Yes," said Jeaters, in his ordinary tone, and with an apologetic manner. "I was only half awake, and I was half mad for a bit, and now—and I am whole mad I think. But I am harmless now. Good morning." And he strode away.

(To be Continued.)

Cleaver's Juvenia Soap

Marvellous Effect ! !
Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion.

DR. REDWOOD'S REPORT.

The ingredients are perfectly pure, and WE CANNOT SPEAK TOO HIGHLY OF THEM.

The Soap is PERFECTLY PURE and ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL.

"JUVENIA SOAP is entirely free from any colouring matter, and contains about the minimum proportion possible of water. From careful analysis and a thorough investigation of the whole process of its manufacture, we consider this Soap fully qualified to rank amongst the FIRST OF TOILET SOAPS.—T. Redwood, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S.; T. Bloxam Redwood, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S.; A. J. De Hailes, F.I.C., F.C.S.

Wholesale Representative for Canada—CHARLES GYDE, 33, St. Nicholas St., Montreal.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
The Celebrated
CHOCOLAT MENIER
Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION LBS.
For Samples sent Free, write to C. ALFRED CHOUILLOU, MONTREAL.

Sunlight
BRINGS
Ease and Comfort

WITH poor soaps and old fashioned ways of washing, it is cruel and hard upon women of advancing years to attempt laundry work. But with the world-famed, labor-saving

Sunlight Soap,

Anybody can do a Wash with comparative ease by following the simple directions

With "SUNLIGHT" there's no hard rubbing, sore knuckles, hot steam, or tired backs. A trial will astonish you.

Works: Pt. Sunlight Near Birkenhead — Lever Bros., Limited Toronto

"AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR INDIGESTION."
ADAMS' PEPSIN Tutti-Frutti
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS & CONFECTIONERS

For the stomach, liver and bowels, and as a family medicine, these pills are safe and efficacious. As a tonic they are unequalled, owing to their mildness and yet decided action on the liver, stomach and bowels, and for all disorders of the stomach, such as indigestion, dyspepsia, chronic constipation, chronic liver troubles, dizziness, sick headache, jaundice, offensive breath, and all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. One tablet gives immediate relief. Take one at most times. Sold by druggists, or a trial bottle sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. R. RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., Spruce St., New York.

ATKINSON'S Parisian Tooth Paste
FOR CLEANING THE TEETH
30 YEARS IN USE

HEREWARD SPENCER & CO.
CHAR KE CHARCHE
TORONTO.
TEA MERCHANTS
63 1-2 King St. West. Telephone 1597
AGENCIES
469 Parliament Street
403 1-2 Yonge Street
278 College Street
1462 Queen Street West

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH
TEABERRY
PREPARED BY ZOPELA CHEMICAL CO.

Taking Him Down.

"Now, Miss—er—er—Miss——"

"Fosdick."

"Thanks, very much! Now, Miss Fosdick, in commencing your work as a stenographer for the firm of Poplin & Son, it is necessary for me to instruct you as to your duties. I have charge of the house's correspondence—entire charge. My name, Miss Fosdick, is Hipple."

"Yes, Mr. Hipple," the girl replied meekly.

"In the first place," Mr. Hipple went on, leaning back in his chair so as to expand his chest to its utmost capacity and twisting the ends of his mustache with both hands as he spoke, "in the first place, I always insist on my stenographer's taking me down *verbatim et literatim*. I suppose you know what that means. It's Latin," he added condescendingly.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Miss Fosdick, I have had the house's correspondence in my hands for several years, and both Mr. Poplins have come to rely implicitly upon me. Indeed, I do not really see how this department could move along without me."

The girl's gray eyes looked at the indispensable clerk with an amused twinkle.

"I think I can say, Miss Fosdick," the young man proceeded, as he settled himself more comfortably in his chair, "and I think I can say it without the slightest egotism or desire to boast, that I have made the letters of Poplin & Son famous throughout the business world as models of English composition and ornate diction."

The clerk watched the countenance of his new assistant closely, to note the impression of his words.

Miss Fosdick nodded understandingly and smiled. It was a sweet smile, for she could not smile any other sort had she tried.

"Those are the reasons why I always insist on absolute accuracy on the part of my stenographer. I do not permit even the alteration of a single word, or any other change, whatever. I trust you apprehend me clearly."

"Quite so, Mr. Hipple."

"Then we will begin."

Mabel Fosdick's first day's work was perfectly satisfactory to the hypercritical correspondence clerk. He found himself taken down with unvarying accuracy. In the transcribed letters, too, the words were all spelled correctly. She never struck the wrong character on her machine—a fault so common among typewriters, and one which sometimes helps to make typewritten communications resemble Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Thanks to Miss Fosdick's skill, Mr. Hipple's specimens of ornate English composition went forth into the business world more faultlessly than ever, and aided in making smooth the rough places of commercial epistolary communication.

The firm of Poplin & Son had been served by a masculine typewriter, but the style of the correspondence clerk had become too oppressive for him, and he had resigned. This was exactly what Mr. Hipple wished, for he longed for a typewriter with laughing eyes and golden hair, upon whom to lavish his flowery and language—such a being as he had read about in the funny papers. At last he had found one to suit him, after much examination of applicants, in the person of Miss Fosdick.

Everything went on with apparent smoothness for about a month. The members of the firm noted with approval the modest demeanor of their new typewriter, and the other male clerks in the establishment envied Hipple his pleasant duties.

One day the elder Mr. Poplin sent for Miss Fosdick to come into his private office.

"Sit down, please," he said when she arrived. "I have here a letter from my friend Mr. Shaw, of Shaw & King, who says that a communication from this firm contains much irrelevant matter."

Poplin looked over his glasses at Miss Fosdick, and found her blushing, with her eyes cast down. He asked, not unkindly:

"Did you write a letter to that firm lately?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you know its character?"

"Yes, sir."

"What have you to say about it?"

"I wrote it down just as Mr. Hipple dictated it, sir."

"So I supposed, after reading it; but it is rather unusual to insert in letters extraneous remarks made during dictation."

"He has always insisted on being taken down *verbatim et literatim*, sir," the pretty typewriter went on, with some confusion; "and really, sir, Mr. Hipple has annoyed me so much with his attentions, and has refused to desist, that I feel I must do something to crush him. I'm sorry I took the method I did—I oughtn't to—oh, dear, what shall I do?"

And Miss Fosdick put her dainty cambric handkerchief to her eyes, and her speech dissolved in tears.

"There! there! my dear girl, don't cry," said Mr. Poplin soothingly.

He took her hand to assist in the comforting operation, and placed her head on his fatherly shoulder. He was not too old to make mental note of how long her lashes lay on her rosy cheeks, and how dewdrops of tears oozed through them.

"What am I doing?" Mabel exclaimed, as she bethought herself of the picture she and Mr. Poplin would present if anyone should come into the office, and she promptly raised her head.

"You did just right," said Mr. Poplin, referring to her treatment of Mr Hipple. "The presumptuous rascal! Never mind, little girl—er—Miss Fosdick. I'll settle with Mr. Hipple myself. In the meantime, you may take a couple of days off. Go home right away, and I'll see that he annoys you no more."

After the fair typewriter had put on her wraps and gone home, Mr. Hipple was called into the private office, and Mr. Poplin asked him:

"Are you in the habit of reading and signing the firm's letters after the typewriter has taken them from your dictation and transcribed them, Mr. Hipple?"

When Mr. Poplin took the extra time necessary to use the prefix "Mister" in addressing one of his clerks, it was an indication that the subject of the interview was of more than ordinary importance. It was with some perturbation, therefore, that Mr. Hipple replied:

"Well, sir, I used to, but I found Miss Fosdick so scrupulously exact that lately I have permitted her to sign and mail letters dictated to her without my reading. She takes me down word for word, sir; so I feel that it isn't necessary for me to read them over."

"The reason why I asked you that question is this: I received a note from Mr. Shaw this morning—of Shaw & King, you know—in which he asks an explanation of a letter he had just received from this house. Perhaps you can give the needed explanation after I have read you the letter. This is it:

"'Messrs. Shaw & King:

"'Gentlemen,—Your favor of Monday was received in due course. Got that down, sweetness? In reply, we would say—I'd like a sweet kiss from those ruby lips—say that the goods you mention—you charming creature, why are you so cold to me?—mention, we have shipped yesterday morning. Your bird-like voice thrills me through and through! Why do you never smile on your adorer? Hoping that they have arrived in good condition—Give me just one kiss, Mabel darling, won't you?—and that they gave perfect satisfaction—Got that down, little beauty?—we beg to remain, yours very truly—One kiss now, I insist. What are you struggling for? "'Your obedient servants,

"'Poplin & Son.'"

Hipple turned alternately red and white while his employer read this letter in icy tones, and said nothing when it was concluded. The occasion did not seem to be one for the display of ornate English composition.

After a painful pause the senior member of the firm went on:

"Mr. Hipple, I think I'll attend to the correspondence of this firm hereafter myself, and what love making it is necessary to do to the typewriter I will also look after. The cashier will give you your salary to date. Good morning, sir."

"The idea!" exclaimed Mr. Poplin to his son, the junior member, half an hour later, when he had laid the whole matter before him. "The idea that a womanly and modest girl like Miss Fosdick should be so grossly mistreated in my establishment exasperates me. She's pretty and sweet, and altogether admirable."

"I rather admire Hipple's taste," said the son.

"Oh, you do!" exclaimed the father. "Then I suppose I have done wrong in discharging the scamp, even when he knew his attentions were distasteful to the girl?"

"No, father, you did quite right. Of course it would not do for that sort of thing to continue."

"Of course it wouldn't. It would be persecution of as sweet a girl as I know."

"Why, you are not in love with her yourself, are you, father?"

"If A widower of fifteen years' standing? The idea! Can't an elderly man defend a helpless young woman without such an imputation as that?"

"Oh! certainly."

Then the conversation dropped.

Old Mr. Poplin was in love with Miss Fosdick, nevertheless, and he resolved to ask her to be his son's stepmother on the first opportunity. He thought, moreover, that he would make that opportunity when she should report for duty.

Miss Fosdick returned to the store at the appointed time, and proceeded straight to the private office. The elder Mr. Poplin was alone.

"Good morning, Mr. Poplin," said Miss Fosdick, with her sweetest smile.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" Mr. Poplin replied, raising his eyes above his newspaper; "sit down, Miss Fosdick, please. Before you take the lid off your typewriter, I have something—er—to say to you rather—er—important. I have been thinking of you almost constantly since you went away two days ago, and I wanted to—er—ask you ——"

"One moment, please, Mr. Poplin," Miss Fosdick interrupted him to say, "you must pardon me, but I have not come back to work."

"Eh! What's that!"

"No, sir. Fact is, I—that is—your son, sir—has done me the honor to—to—propose, and—and——"

"The sly young rascal!" ejaculated Poplin, not giving her a chance to finish. "Well, I suppose I'll have to be a father to you, and I will say I am proud of my new daughter."

Then he thought:

"I wonder if she really suspected what I was going to say?"

Sheck and His Pension.

Sheck was his name, and he was an old colored man in a Kentucky town. He had seen some service as a soldier, and in his later days he did odd jobs for a livelihood. One morning he was building a fire in the judge's office and was grunting a good deal over it.

"What's the matter, Sheck?" enquired the judge.

"Rheumatiz, I reckon, boss," he groaned.

"By the way, weren't you in the army?" asked the judge.

"Yassir."

"You don't get a pension, do you?"

"No, sir, boss."

"Didn't you get that rheumatism in the army?"

"I spec I did, boss," responded Sheck, grasping the new idea with promptitude.

"Then you ought to have a pension."

"Neber thought about hit befo', boss."

"Well, we'll think about it now, Sheck," and the judge went to work and before a week was Sheck was getting $8 a month from Uncle Sam, and a happier man didn't live than he. But Sheck was only human, and that $8 a month began to lessen in importance as he grew familiar with it. One day, several months after he had been a pensioner, he was working about the office and complaining loudly.

"What's wrong, Sheck?" asked the judge.

"Dat yer blame rheumatiz, boss," groaned Sheck.

"I thought it had left you."

"Deed hit hain't, boss," whined Sheck. "Hit's twice as bad as hit ever wuz."

"What's the cause of it?"

"Deed I dunno, boss, 'ceptin' 'tis dat dar pensishun oughter be twice as big ez hit ain."

and Sheck got an increase.—*Detroit Free Press.*

They Went Together.

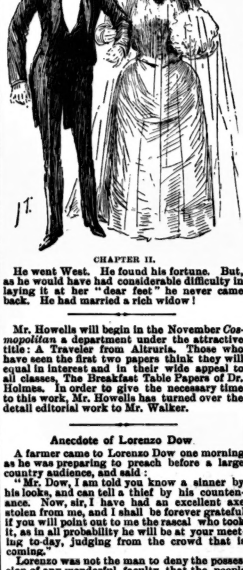
"I have seen a great many men killed," said Burke McMahon, at the Southern. "I was with old Pap Thomas at Chickamauga when his corps stood like a rock for the flower of the confederacy to beat and break upon, and with Grant when he hurled his columns at the impregnable heights of Vicksburg. I have seen commanding officers torn to pieces with a shell and beardless boys dead on the battlefield with their mother's picture pressed to their cold lips, but I never had anything affect me like the death of a couple of young railroad men in Texas seven or eight years ago. I was riding on the engine of a fast passenger train, and at Waco the engineer got orders to look out for a brakeman who was missing from the freight we were following. He was supposed to have fallen between the cars of his train. 'My brother is brakeman on that train; I wonder if it can be him!' said the fireman. 'I'll keep up steam while you stand on the pilot and watch out,' replied the engineer. The fireman took his post in front and we pulled out. We had just gotten well under way when the fireman gave the signal to stop. The engineer applied the air-brakes. They failed to respond and we were on a down-grade and could not stop. The missing brakeman was lying on the track badly mangled, but conscious. He raised his hand and frantically signaled the train, but the great iron machine went plunging down upon him at a rate of twenty miles an hour. The fireman cast one despairing look at the engineer, then sprang in front of the pilot and hurled his wounded brother off the track. But he was not quick enough to save himself. The engine caught him and crushed both legs off at the hips. As we picked him up he said with a quiet smile: 'It's no use, boys; I'm done for. But I saved Ned.' We laid them down in the baggage car side by side. Ned put out a feeble hand and clasped that of his brother. 'I've got my time, old fellow,' he said. 'Here, too, Ned; we'll make the run to the next world together,' was the response, and holding each other by the hand they died without another word."—*Globe-Democrat.*

A Romantic Love Story.

In Two Chapters.

CHAPTER I.

"Yes, darling, we must part. I go West to seek my fortune. When I have found it, I will return and lay it at your dear feet. Farewell!"



CHAPTER II.

He went West. He found his fortune. But, as he would have had considerable difficulty in laying it at her "dear feet" he never came back. He had married a rich widow!

Mr. Howells will begin in the November *Cosmopolitan* a department under the attractive title: A Traveler from Altruria. Those who have seen the first two papers think they will equal in interest and in their wide appeal to all classes, The Breakfast Table Papers of Dr. Holmes. In order to give the necessary time to this work, Mr. Howells has turned over the detail editorial work to Mr. Walker.

Anecdote of Lorenzo Dow

A farmer came to Lorenzo Dow one morning as he was preparing to preach before a large country audience, and said:

"Mr. Dow, I am told you know a sinner by his looks, and can tell a thief by his countenance. Now, sir, I have had an excellent axe stolen from me, and I shall be forever grateful if you will point out to me the rascal who took it, as in all probability he will be at your meeting to-day, judging from the crowd that is coming."

Lorenzo was not the man to deny the possession of any wonderful faculty that the people chose to ascribe to him, so he told the farmer he would get his axe. Lorenzo mounted the pulpit, took out of his pocket a stone as big as his fist, laid it beside the Bible, and commenced the exercises of the day.

His sermon was on the subject of all the sins mentioned in the decalogue, and he went on to give proofs from history of the retributive justice of Providence in punishing transgressors in this life.

"Murder will out," said he. "Guilt cannot conceal itself; and I am about to give you, this morning, my dear hearers, an example of a terrible vengeance to follow the breaking of the eighth commandment. Two nights ago a fellow stole John Smith's axe, and I have been commissioned by an authority which no one will question, to knock down, drag out, sacrifice, destroy and utterly annihilate the miserable wretch, and send him, body, soul and breeches, to the pitchy realms of an awful eternity! Poor sinner, you turn pale before the rock has crushed you," continued Lorenzo, grasping the stone and raising it as if to throw, "Don't dodge, rascal; you can't escape me." He paused a moment, and pointing his long, crooked finger at a poor fellow in the audience who appeared to be in an ague fit, with his hair standing on end like the quills of a fretful porcupine, cried: "John Smith, there's the man who stole your axe!"

The eyes of the whole congregation were fixed on the conscience-smitten fellow, who looked as if he wished the mountains would tumble upon him.

"You will return Mr. Smith his axe and steal no more if I forgive you, won't you?" asked Lorenzo.

"If I don't, darn me!" exclaimed the culprit, with a look and tone that showed the sincerity of his declaration.

John Smith got his axe.

In Kentucky.

Youth (eloping with the girl of his heart)—Judge, we would like you to join us.

The Judge—Thanks, I don't know who you are; but I never refuse to drink with a gentleman, be he friend or stranger. I'll be with you in one minute.—*Puck.*

Short-Sighted Man.

Mrs. Jimson—My dear, we must go to the seaside and the mountains and the springs.

Mr. Jimson—We are comfortable enough here at home.

Mrs. Jimson—Yes, we are now; but you men are so short-sighted. Just think how uncomfortable we will be in the fall when people come back and begin to tell where they've been.

Fatalism in Russia.

The Russian peasant is like a child, ignorant of the practical bearings of events, and utterly unable to cope with them. Yet he never loses his faith in God. During the famine, when the peasantry were living, or rather dying, on bread made of pigweed, chaff and other equally nutritious and more noisome articles, they endured in submission. "God's will is at the bottom of it," said they. "He gave and He takes away. A writer in *Temple Bar* gives the following illustration of their fatalism and the causes they invariably find for inaction.

One day a Russian village official was riding with me in search of some strayed horses. The black soil was like dust, and he sighed heavily as his mare sank in the light stuff.

"Ah," he said, "what land is this? It is like a woman broken with sorrow. How can she find food for her child?"

"Has it been so all summer?" I asked.

"Not so, indeed. There was frost in the spring, and men said 'frost and fair weather.' But then came the dryness, and though mass was said in the fields it went to nothing. And then we dug up the drunkards——"

"The what?"

"The drunkards, your honor. Often it is that when the drunkards are pulled out of their graves and flung into pools of water that rain will come; we know not why. But not only rain came, but hail and frost and snow and fire, and withered the little that was grown. Then after that dryness again, and now," he shrugged his shoulders, "the famine."

"Must there be famine?" I asked.

"Surely," he said, with a smile; "the grain we have is soon eaten, and then what?"

"Will no provision be made for the future?"

"Who should make provision? Now we can buy much and eat much; afterwards, well, the little father will not see us die!"

So depending on the Czar and public charity, they rest content in making no provision for the future.

Danger Ahead.

Citizen—What's up?

Policeman—Ol'm knockin' fur help, an' ringin' fur an ambulance.

Citizen—What's the matter?

Policeman—Oi just saw two Oytalians smilin' at th' same woman.

Creating a Demand.

Floor Walker—We haven't been doing much business in dress goods lately.

Merchant—No. I guess we had better advertise a sacrifice sale soon.

Floor Walker—In dress goods?

Merchant—No. In something that will make the women tear dresses and buy new ones.

Following Directions.

Mr. Younghusband—What's this, dear?

Mrs. Younghusband—Ice-water.

"Ice water! Why, it's hot!"

"I know it, and it seems strange, too, for I only followed the directions of that French doctor who said that the only sure preventive against cholera was to boil the ice."

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

The Best Cough Cure

For Colds Coughs Bronchitis Consumption

Is the best remedy for colds, coughs, bronchitis, sore throat, la grippe, pneumonia, hoarseness, or other derangements of the vocal organs, throat, and lungs. Its record covers half a century and is gathered from all quarters of the globe. It is the favorite preparation with singers, actors, preachers, teachers, and public speakers. It soothes the inflamed membrane, promotes expectoration, and strengthens the voice. Taken at the first symptoms of consumption, it checks further progress of the disease, and even in the later stages, it eases coughing and induces repose. By reason of its great strength, it is the most economical medicine of the kind to be found anywhere in the world.

"We have been dealing in Ayer's Medicines for years, and have always found them to give the very best satisfaction. One of our customers, a lady, was afflicted for a long time with chronic bronchitis. In the summer of 1889, after having used various remedies without benefit, she tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and almost immediately she was relieved, and in a short time, cured."—R. S. Webster & Co., Udora, Ont.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

(Tasteless—Effectual.)

FOR ALL BILIOUS and NERVOUS DISORDERS.

Such as Sick Headache, Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Giddiness, Fullness, Swelling after Meals, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, All Nervous and Trembling Sensations, and Irregularities Incidental to Ladies.

Covered with a Tasteless and Soluble Coating.

Wholesale Agts, Evans & Sons, Ld, Montreal.

For sale by all druggists. 411 17

OPALS and ONYX

We want Ladies and Gentlemen to sell our beautiful specimens. We live near the mines and give better value for the money than any other company dealing in these gems. For particulars send 2 cent stamp to

MEXICAN OPAL AND ONYX CO.

Ciudad Juarez, Mexico

DR. WILKINS' RED BLOOD WONDERFUL PILLS

The Nerve and Blood Builder—the Great Female Medicine.

Price 50c. per Box or 6 Boxes for $2.50

All Druggists.

For Spring and Summer.

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE

NATURE'S GREAT RESTORER!

Delightfully Refreshing.

BY ALL CHEMISTS.

The High Speed Family Knitter

Price $6.

Will knit a stocking heel and toe in ten minutes. Will knit everything required in the household from homespun or factory. Coarse or fine yarns. The most practical knitter on the market. A child can operate it. Strong, Durable, Simple, Rapid. Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay. Agents wanted. For particulars and sample work, address,

Carden & Gearhart, Dundas, Ont., Canada.

Bronchitis

ACUTE or CHRONIC,

Can be cured by the use of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of pure Cod Liver Oil, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. A feeble stomach takes kindly to it, and its continued use adds flesh, and makes one feel strong and well.

"CAUTION."—Beware of substitutes. Genuine prepared by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Sold by all druggists. 50c. and $1.00.

POWELL'S PIMPLE + + + PILLS

Act Like Magic

WITHOUT A BLEMISH

... IN REMOVING ALL ...

BLEMISHES FROM THE SKIN.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

For sale by all Drug stores, or sent on receipt of price, by

HATTIE & MYLIUS, HALIFAX, CANADA

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.
TELEPHONE 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LTD.), Prop'rs.

VOL. V] TORONTO, OCT. 8, 1892. [NO. 46

The Drama.

THIS week we have had two melodramas, For Love and Money at the Academy and Hand of Fate at Jacobs & Sparrow's. Both have a particular interest for Torontonians, the first because Crossley Donaldson of this city played the leading *role* in it until his lamentable taking off a few weeks ago in Chicago, and the second because Alexander McLean, another Torontonian, is its manager. For Love and Money has for its hero Frank Steele, the superintendent of the Spencerville iron works, who, in the absence of his millionaire employer, receives orders to cut down wages. He reasons with his employer and reasons with the men and tries every artifice to prevent a strike, as winter is approaching and a strike would reduce hundreds to starvation. Spencer, the boss, has traveled in Europe and imbibed European notions of the inferiority of the laboring classes, and Edward Maynard, whom he has brought home with him, encourages these lofty views. Steele is accused of siding with the men and is discharged, Maynard succeeding him. The latter proves to be an adventurer and not a nobleman, and his scheme is to marry Spencer's sister Charlotte, get possession of her million dollar fortune and become a partner in the business. The girl has vain notions and is anxious to marry such an aristocrat, and everything is proceeding lovely when Steele overhears a conversation between Spencer's *valet*, Ernest Cline, and Maynard, in which it develops that the two are working as partners in swindling and that Maynard is sending checks to Cline's brother in Europe, who salts the money away to be afterwards divided among the trio. Steele proceeds to Europe and carries on a cable correspondence with Maynard in Cline's name—a little diversion known as forgery when indulged in by anyone not the hero of a melodrama—and returns with these proofs of the Englishman's rascality. The latter is put under arrest, Steele is reinstated as superintendent of the works, the strike is off, the men returning to work at their former wages.

•

More plays of this character will be put on while the great labor problem continues to agitate the public mind. Charles W. Sutton is the man who succeeded Crossley Donaldson in the part of Frank Steele. He is a man with a grim jaw, and when he came out with rings of artificial black around his eyes and began striding about in his tragic way, I wondered how such a fierce and awful looking fellow could acquire his supposed influence over strikers. It seems he enjoyed their confidence and love, but he never won their confidence by smiles, for he couldn't smile to save his life. Such a man as Sutton made Steele out to be never has come in my way so far, and I am not anxious to meet one whose virtues make him so unlovely. Dora Vinton, in playing the part of Mary Aikman, beats all rivals in melodrama out of sight. She goes them all one better in the tragic delivery of her lines. She is extravagant beyond pardon. In real life a girl who should run around indulging in her tremendous emphasis and making such a how-d'-do about her simplest utterance, would be seized as a raving maniac. As she is pretty, young, and, I trust, entirely self-taught, these strictures are written in the hope that she will pause in time. Without wishing to be disrespectful to either the living or the dead, I will say that if a girl were to make love to me, either on or off the stage, with such terrible articulation as she employs to Frank Steele, it would unbalance my mind and drive me to suicide in short order.

•

Paul Menifee in his own person makes For Love and Money worth seeing by the critic. His delineation of Hon. Edward Maynard, the villain of the piece, is a talented and altogether superior performance. There is no eye-rolling, no extravagance of word or action. He is simply a crooked adventurer, who carries himself like a gentleman while choosing not to be honest. He is quiet and extremely plausible in speech, most convincing and apparently just in his arguments, fair to his opponents, and in being fair and courteous, gains ground. He is not so blind as to show his enmity towards Steele. Menifee delineates Maynard as a cunning man, too cunning to disclose his cunning. Paul Nicholson, as Ernest Cline, also acquits himself with credit, having a very effective appearance and clever facial action.

•

Hand of Fate treats of a kidnapped daughter, who is taught to regard her kidnapper as a brother and is led by him into counterfeiting bank notes. J. P. Clark makes a good Judge Langdale and Miron and Elaine Leffingwell play their parts skilfully. The latter, as Suze, is a refreshing child of nature, impulsive and untaught, who does and says exactly what she feels like. William Shea in playing the part of a needy actor, made quite an impression. He has a face that should make his fortune if he has any talent to accompany it, and in his present place he shows all the talent his chance affords. Realism rules everything nowadays, and Hand of Fate is realistic. The whistling of the wind in the blizzard scene is good, and when Grafton, the villain, goes out for firewood a chill certainly does pervade the imagination.

•

Some day I shall take an artist with me and secure pictures of the demons who sit up in the gallery of the different theaters and clap hands whenever an actor throws up an arm and expresses some shallow sentiment. It would be interesting to know who those demons of applause are, what they look like, what their occupations in life may be, whether they are new-comers seeing their first play or old frequenters whose tastes have been perverted. I hope they are either new-comers or boys who, unable to keep quiet for an hour, must applaud or burst. Whoever and whatever they may be, they make no pretense at analyzing the sentiments expressed by an actor. All he requires to do is to throw up his arm, twist up the white of his eye, solemnize his voice and, bang, down comes the gallery. If an informer appears on the stage he is hissed and if the hero expresses contempt for a coward the sentiment is applauded, yet at Jacobs & Sparrow's this week when Tuggs informs on Grafton and throws up his arm, the gallery unwinds its most approving noises, not stopping to reflect that Tuggs has been just as deep in the counterfeiting business as Grafton, and in confessing is more likely actuated by cowardice than anything else. Again, when Langdale's second wife puts a revolver to Grafton's breast and stands triumphantly looking at him, the applause comes down, although the woman is the most unexampled villain of the two, at that very moment engaged in a sneaking attempt to defraud the heroine of her name and wealth. The same meaningless and always-on-tap applause was given Grafton a few moments before, when he circumvented the same woman by applying chloroform to her nose. So it seems pretty clear to me that the sense of the audience has nothing to do with the measure of applause which it may yield, nor, indeed, have the merits of the play anything to do with it so long as it is not too utterly shabby to be listened to. If an actor were to rant the words properly he could bring down the house with the declaration, "I am a thief, yes, and I am pr-r-oud of it." If these words were said with sufficient fervor the demons up aloft would applaud it vociferously before its meaning reached them, and then, to escape the logic of their action and set themselves right with the police, they would require to hiss and groan and be more watchful in future.

•

Charles T. Ellis, the sweet singing German comedian, will be at Jacobs & Sparrow's next week in Count Casparr. This play had a run of fifty nights in the New Park theater, Broadway, New York, and was extremely well spoken of by the press. In it he sings some very fine songs, among them The Sweetest Rose of All, a sweet and sympathetic love ballad that has become very popular wherever he has appeared; Have a Bouquet With Me, very catchy; Playing Pony With Caspar, a companion song to the actor's well known Piggy Back; The Old Fashioned Home, a descriptive domestic song, during the rendition of which Mr. Ellis accompanies himself upon the guitar; Up and Down, his see-saw song, already famous; How I Love the Babies, a very pretty cradle lullaby, and Oh, Philip Schneider, a song and dance in his big wooden sabots, by Mr. Ellis, as the German girl.

•

Miss E. Pauline Johnson, of Brantford, the well known Indian poetess, commenced her fall and winter season of recitals of her own compositions in the West this week. She will shortly appear in Toronto, and will afterward leave on an extended trip east as far as Ottawa and Montreal. Additional interest will attach to her platform work this season, as she will appear in handsome Indian, boating and other costumes.

•

Miss Jessie Alexander's recital in the Pavilion on Tuesday evening was largely attended, and the gifted reader showed that her tours in Europe and on this continent have greatly widened her acquaintance with dialects. As the gathering of Tuesday evening was quite a social event, an account of it will be found among our society items.

•

Nothing new need be said about Lewis Morrison's Mephisto. It is a great presentation and will draw big houses as often as Manager Sheppard decides to place him at the Grand. On Saturday evening Morrison will play Richelieu, when the Toronto public will have a chance to compare his creation with that of others who have been here in the same character. Without doubt it will be the biggest house of the season, perhaps excluding a couple of nights during the Exhibition, when all the theaters were mobbed. Morrison and his company will display the genuine, historical costumes of the period of Richelieu, the star wearing the Cardinal's ermine robe. The costumes alone I am told are worth going to see.

•

Miss Washington, the reader, has returned to Toronto once more after her tour abroad for a year, and will soon make a public appearance in the city which those who remember her last year, will not fail to attend. She is, I believe, already booking engagements for recitals during the season.

•

The Manola-Mason Company will be at the Grand for the first three nights of next week with Wednesday matinee. The music, singing and high-class comedy staged by this company will ensure good crowds during its stay here, which will be found much too short to suit the public.

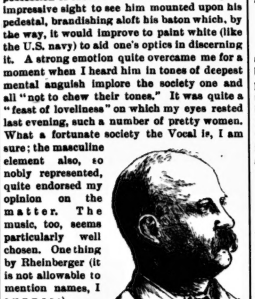
•

The Players' Stock Company will appear at the Academy of Music next week. This will prove to be the best attraction occupying that house so far this season. It is headed by Mr. Edward Vroom, and he is assisted by Miss Coggswell, Mr. Arbuckle and others of well known talent. Mr. Vroom has secured considerable praise from the press for his rendition of Don Cæsar de Bazan, the dashing but penniless Spanish cavaliero. His costumes are gay, adding grace to his every action, and the company all through, if my information is correct, will put up a good piece, prettily staged.

MACK.

Crotchets and Quavers.

Last evening I spent a very enjoyable time listening to a rehearsal of the Toronto Vocal Society. The outlook is certainly exceedingly encouraging, to judge from the uniform excellence of the voices. The sopranos are particularly fine, and altogether it promises to be a remarkably successful season. From a few remarks I overheard, the society's genial president appears to be immensely popular, "small blame to him," as the Irishman says, and then the conductor, he is certainly "patience on a monument personified." I undoubtedly think that the Vocal is to be congratulated on the possession of their new ruler. It was really an impressive sight to see him mounted upon his pedestal, brandishing aloft his baton which, by the way, it would improve to paint white (like the U.S. navy) to aid one's optics in discerning it. A strong emotion quite overcame me for a moment when I heard him in tones of deepest mental anguish implore the society one and all "not to chew their tones." It was quite a "feast of loveliness" on which my eyes rested last evening, such a number of pretty women. What a fortunate society the Vocal is, I am sure; the masculine element also, so nobly represented, quite endorsed my opinion on the matter. The music, too, seems particularly well chosen. One thing by Rheinberger (it is not allowable to mention names, I suppose) took my fancy exceedingly. Though I saw many new faces last night I also saw many familiar ones. The Vocal would not really be the Vocal, I think, without them. By the way, a pretty little speech was made to me the other day about the secretary. A charming girl I know said confidentially, "Don't you think we had got just the ideal secretary!" Of course I cordially agreed with her.



What a difference there is in the minds and manners of different men. I was forced to remark that fact while listening to the gathering of delegates in one of our churches the other evening. Some men believe in simplicity, while others couch their ideas in such grand, eloquent language that it is next to impossible to fathom their meaning. I was told a good Scotch story on that very subject to-day. It is new to me, so I will venture to give it: "A Presbyterian minister in a small parish in Scotland had occasion to visit a neighboring parish for a Sunday, his place being filled meanwhile by another divine. On his return he asked his sexton what he thought of the substitute's sermon. Sandy replied, 'Oh, I didna' care for him at a'; he was o'wer simple. I aye like ane that confoun's the senses and jumbles the judgment, like ye'rsel'.'"

A couple of boys who sat behind me at the same service expressed their views in plain language as to the merits of the soprano who led in the singing. One remarked with contempt strongly expressed in his countenance and voice, "She ought 'ter have the edge filed off 'ive her voice, she ought!" And the other replied, with an amount of fervor worthy of a better cause, "You bet!"

ROSALIND.

Varsity Chat.

THE excuse which I should give to the public for appearing before them as the writer of this column I will leave to themselves to frame, for under any other conditions I know we could not agree.

•

This term all the students go through the process of registering and of meeting in their respective rooms the various professors and lecturers in the college. The undergraduate's name is taken, he is advised to get certain books, and a few general questions are put to him. This process is intended to serve as a safeguard against students taking advantage of the university teaching without paying university fees. The professors will not enter a student's name upon his class list until he produces his ticket showing that he has paid his fees. All freshmen should take advantage of this opportunity to speak to the staff; another may not arise during the year.

•

Our new Beadle is fair, fat and forty. Although his name is Ireland he is neither Home Rule nor Anti-Home Rule, but he handles the bagpipes. It is currently reported that he is in the university for the purpose of securing recruits for the Highland regiment. All the odd corners in the janitor's room are filled up with kilts and plumes and pipes. Should hazing be revived, horrible indeed would be the torments for cheeky freshmen, should Mr. Ireland play at the hideous carnival.

•

The new library building is almost complete. The books will be in order and ready for use by next Monday. The Seminary rooms in the building are expected to be a valuable adjunct in securing a university training. The students earnestly hope that they will be constantly utilized.

•

We all miss Sir Daniel Wilson. We know what pride he took in the students and how it cheered him up to see them assemble for classes. While we are thus filled with regret we turn to the new president, Prof. James Loudon, and find a man worthy to fill the high position to which he has been appointed. The confidence in him is unbounded. He is a Canadian and understands the students and university matters. His quiet and unassuming demeanor hides to a large extent that excellent business capacity and administrative power of which he is possessed to an eminent degree. To President Loudon we give our most cordial support, and may he long fill the position.

•

Mr. Robert McKim, for many years beadle, is much missed, for he had a great store of college reminiscences which he could relate with effect. There was always a touch of pathos in his reference to the "old days" and the boys who had been. He has passed from our midst, but of him it may be said that he attended to the duties of his position honestly and well.

•

Prof. James Mavor of St. Mungo's College, Glasgow, has been appointed to the chair of Political Economy and Constitutional History, and Rev. G. M. Wrong to the Lectureship in History.

ADAM RUFUS.

To Contributors.

After October 15 no stories or other manuscripts received at SATURDAY NIGHT office will be returned, whether stamps are sent for the purpose or not. If a manuscript is accepted the writer will be notified; if it is rejected it will be consigned to the flames. Contributors will therefore find it necessary to preserve a copy of their manuscripts. Anything worth purchasing by a newspaper is worth copying by its author.

How It Was Done.

An old codger stood on the dock at the foot of Yonge street as the Sons of England life-boat crew pulled over the water at a lively pace, and he got into conversation with several young sea-dogs who shoveled coal on the steamers.

"Very good, very good," he said, "but I never saw such a simple life-saving out fit as they have over at Portland, Maine. Never heard of it! Why then I'll tell you. I saw it working once. You see it came about this way. I went over there as a steward on a steamer, and the old schooner Mary Jane was caught dead foul off land. She was knocking to pieces and the life crew came down to the beach with a large cannon and started firing small, square blocks aboard that schooner. Tom Young was marksman, and never a block missed—and the imperiled sailors clutched, scrambled and fought for them, and no wonder since it was life or death for them, poor fellows. Wonderful device, boys, I tell you."

"Well, but what were the blocks for—how did they save them?"

"Why, the blocks were bars of soap so's the sailors could wash themselves ashore," said the old man, his voice floating gently and far across the silence.

D. W.

He was Deaf.

A deaf Irishman stood proudly beside his bags of potatoes in the market.

"How are you this morning?" said a friend.

"Yis faix, its petaties I'm sellin', an' foine petaties they are."

"I wasn't talking about the potatoes; how are all the people at home?" shouted his friend.

"Faith, an' it's devil a cint I'll come down in me praise, if yes talks till doomsday," said the Irishman, not hearing him. Despairing of making him understand, the man turned away.

"Faith, an' it's further you'll go and fare worse. Sure, an' wusent it yourself as wint to Mike O'Hoolahan after lookin' at moi foine hams, and didn't he put off one on yez, as didn't have fat enough on it to fry it, an' didn't yez have to come back ter me an' buy one of moine to fry it wid."

But his friend had fled.

H. A. B.

Egyptian Fancy Work.

They had money left them unexpectedly, and having heard that it was the correct thing to travel, they set out for the Continent. At last they found themselves at Paris, gazing up at the famous Egyptian obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle. They examined this wonderful piece of ancient workmanship suspiciously for some time, without comment but in admiration.

"So that's Cloe's needle!" said Uncle Seth; "danged ef I'd a thunk it. I did hev the idear that I'd find sumpin' bigger 'n Hanner's knittin' needle, but who'd a reckoned on a woman patchin' her man's overalls with a church steeple! Yes, sir, she must hev a Jim Corker, the-s all; 'n ef that's Cloe's needle, I'm danged ef I'm goin' back to Ameriky till I've seen some of her embroidery."

And they are still looking for the Egyptian fancy work.

QUILL PENNE.

Understood Him Literally.

"Aunty, did you see the man walking on stilts up at the Exhibition?"

"I did not, William, but I dare say he was no better at it than your father was when a young man. Could he run and turn around, and how high was he, my child?"

"Oh, he was out of sight, aunty!"

"William! I do not believe it—not a word of it, I tell you! Your father won prizes at all the fairs from Guelph to Sarnia when a young man and he never went more than six feet high. Out—of—sight! Impossible, you young scamp. Clear out of here and count on a warming as soon as your father comes home. The idea of a boy trying to belittle his own father by lying. I don't know what children are coming to, I'm sure I don't."

JOTY.

A Wonderful Neck.

"Oh, how I wish my throat were a mile long!" he exclaimed, as the last drop was trickling down his thirsty gullet, and slowly and sadly he replaced the empty glass on the bar counter.

"G'lang wid yez," said a voice at his elbow; "is ut a say sarpint ye'd be afther convertin' yeralif into? G'lang, ye monster! Be japers, it's meself ut wanst did hear concarnin' a gurrul called Annie Laurie, thut her neck wuz 'lotke the swan,' but did any son av Oirland iver hear av a 'roat a mile long! Why, me shwate, innocent bye, Annie's own purty neck didn't sthretch beyant two or three yards. G'lang wid yez!"

TICK.

The Foudroyant.

One of Nelson's flagships, the Foudroyant, was sold by the British Admiralty to a German shipbroker, but such a great outcry arose that private funds were quickly raised to buy her in again. Here are some stirring verses which appeared in the London *Daily Chronicle* by Dr. Conan Doyle:

Who says the Nation's purse is lean,
Who fears for claim or bond or debt,
When all the glories that have been
Are scheduled as a cash asset!
If times are black and trade is slack,
If coal and cotton fall at last,
We've something left to barter yet—
Our glorious past.

There's many a lot in which lies hid
The dust of statesman or of king;
There's Shakespeare's home to raise a bid,
And Milton's house its price would bring.
What for the sword that Cromwell drew?
What for the prince's coat of mail?
What for our Saxon Alfred's tomb?
They're all for sale!

And stone and marble may be sold,
Which serve no present daily need.
There's Edward's Windsor, labeled old,
And Wolsey's Palace, guaranteed,
St. Clement Dane's and thirty fanes,
The Tower and the Temple grounds,
How much for these? Just price them, please,
In British pounds.

Those old Days.

For Saturday Night.

O! poor is the heart that can ever depart
From the friends of its earlier years,
And stricken the sense that cannot recompense,
Though it be but in gratitude's tears,
Hot tears,
The friends of those earlier years;

When in boyhood's bright days o'er the blossoming braes,
We wandered in gladness along;
And the mirth-laden rills as they leaped from the hills
In sweet unison joined in our song,
Gay song,
As we wandered in gladness along.

Thro' the fern-laden dell at the foot of the fell,
Past the church with the clambering vines,
Where the merry birds sing the bright message of spring
To the tune of the murmuring pines,
Dark pines,
In the scent of the odorous vines.

O! the ardor that burns in the mind that returns
To the haunts and affections of yore!
And the feeling that wells from the innermost cells
Of the heart at the thought of the shore,
Dear shore,
That engirdles the treasures of yore!

So! I stand on the deck! and 'tis little I reck
Of the months and the years that have flown—
What are they but a dream when I see the lights gleam
On the heights of the land that I own,
Ever own,
As a home until life shall have flown?

What are pleasures and pains? what are losses and gains
They are cast in the desolate sea—
They have vanished in space—for I see the sweet face
Of my mother who stands on the lea,
Broad lea,
Overlooking the turbulent sea.

And we meet—yes, we meet!—oh, the ecstasy sweet,
As she falters, "Dear Jack, is—is—you?"
No need to surmise if the tears in her eyes
With the light of true love shining through,
Ever through,
Are the outcome of "Jack, is—is—you?"

'Tis a folly, a blind, a mere freak of the mind,
For she died just a twelvemonth ago,
And the spirits that stay to Eternity's day,
In the realms of Omnipotence know,
Well know,
That she died just a twelvemonth ago.

Yet, ye castles in air! ye memories fair!
And ye hopes that shall linger for aye!
Ye have riven the cloud that must ever enshroud
The bright glory of infancy's day,
Bright day,
And I love you and bless you for aye

F. M. DELAFOSSE.

To ——

For Saturday Night.

Dark wavy hair, and skin like driven snow
O'er which the sun has cast a tender glow,
Like stars her eyes shine with tender light,
Love-lit sometimes, again with laughter bright.
Ye gods! her lips while giving pain or bliss,
Kisses invite, and then refuse to kiss.
I am in love—how could I help but be?
Now help me, Venus, for she loves not me.

A. G.

Only.

For Saturday Night.

Only a word of comfort,
Only a word of cheer,
Only an act of kindness,
Only a dried up tear.

Only a mite of money,
Only a happy face,
Only a look of pleasure
Driving out sorrow space.

How small a demand on our leisure,
How much for some worn out heart,
How many a sob has been smothered,
How often dark clouds burst apart!

Then why not begin ere the morrow?
Our own small grievances bear,
And think more for others' and burdens,
And help them their troubles to share.

Pickering. P. B. T.

Haunted.

For Saturday Night.

With stately corridors forsaken,
And doors o'er which fair Ariadne's face
Have span silk tissues thro' two centuries past;
With lofty halls wherein the voice doth waken
Strange, drowsy echoes, and many a face
Gleams from quaint pictures fast
Fading into naught,
Gray, gaunt, the haunted castle stands,
And, 'tis said, that when the moonlight pale,
O'er crag and moor, and through the oriel
Casts shadows weird, sweet music, soft and low,
Floats to the valley dreamily and slow,
And gliding o'er the long-deserted floor,
The Fays, to strains of melody sublime,
With fairy feet flit deftly to and fro
In stately-treaded measures of the long ago.

A Case of Necessity.

Doctor (handing receipted bill)—Now, you will be a perfectly well man if you be persuaded to diet yourself for a couple of weeks.

Patient (as he pays over his last dollar)—Persuaded to diet myself! Lord, doctor, I'll have to!

He Did.

Tapely—You are an orphan!

Miss Sumergurl—Yes.

Tapely (much disturbed)—Well, whose consent must I ask, in order to marry you?

Miss Sumergurl—Well, you might ask mine.

"Between You and Me.

"PLEASE, Lady Gay, tell me what you call good manners?" asks one of those people whom I know only on paper. Now that isn't such an easy question to answer, my friend, because what I call good manners may not be just what others so designate, and I may get myself into the wrong box, by finding their manners wanting. Briefly, good manners consider others before oneself; good manners give seats to women or older men in crowded cars; good manners say "Thank you" in a tone of pleased gratitude; good manners control the tongue, the eye, the ear, the temper; good manners wait patiently, and act gently; good manners are idealized self-control and cultured charity; good manners are clothed in modesty and trimmed with refined feeling, and blessed are the man and woman who are full thereof!

*

There is a regular wave of bad manners rushing over certain portions of society nowadays. Young women are *brusque* and rough; young men are sneering and sarcastic; those folk who have made money fast and feel their bank balance where their brains ought to be, are nervous and touchy and self assertive; those who have fallen behind and are not able to meet the impulsive charge of the *nouveaux riches*, are disdainful and unapproachable. A few amiable and well-bred folk try to run with the hare of annoyed exclusiveness and with the hounds of aggressive snobbism, and a hard time they have of it, a time of alternate heat and shivers as outraged tradition or cool impudence confronts their anxious and peace-desiring vision. How can good manners and courtly ways and speeches flourish in this atmosphere of general upheaval and iconoclastic rampage? What we all need is self-control and self-discipline. It is an art, and a very consummate art, too, to be able to turn all our friends best-side-foremost, to display with apparent unconsciousness the fact that Miss A has a sweet voice, Mrs. B a generous heart, Mrs. C a faculty of organization, Miss D a graceful figure, that Mr. E is the model husband, and young F has the most chivalrous manners; and in the practice of this graceful art comes in the discipline which so irks and annoys our selfish nature. I have had the happiness of knowing and loving a woman of strong character and independent thought who never raised her voice in adverse criticism even when under great provocation. She made it a rule, never to be broken, to speak kindly or not at all. On one occasion a large group were discussing a thorough good-for-nothing in that hearty and outspoken way in which we criticize our neighbors' sins (behind their backs). This woman, whom we all loved, knitted on silently and when the wave of abuse had flattened out, two words came floating like oil upon the troubled waters, "Poor George!" It was the essence of that charity which "is kind."

*

I have been reading a lot about Hamburg lately in the gruesome interest which cholera has given it. Did you ever go floating about on its narrow canals, where odors follow the moving of the waters and where unsanitary houses seven stories high, with lovely, picturesque gables, slippery with dirt, look down on either side, whispering "snug and dun" from every small-paned window and half-open stair-door? Nests for cholera surely were never better built! From hideous grimy byways one emerges into the broad and handsome business streets, and it is only a step to the shady promenade round the two beautiful little artificial lakes which were not so long ago a murky marsh. I like to forget the grimy canals and the towering old rookeries, and think only of the trees and the swans and the lake-side restaurants and the broad, shady walks, but, alas! the papers will not allow me; every day some new detail takes the sunshine out of the picture and shrouds handsome, busy Hamburg in the gray shadows of death.

*

"If you want to make her talk you must pinch her in the right place," said a little Kate Greenaway girlie to me one day lately, as she handed me her newest crying dollie. So I pinched her, being duly directed by her proud mamma, and she squeaked accordingly. The world has seemed to me just full of folks who are trying to make people squeak by pinching them in the *wrong* place, ever since that day. I see wives who need loving encouragement pinching husbands in the temper instead of in the heart, and parents who long for filial obedience and sympathy pinching little sprouting ambitions and tender dreams, instead of pressing close the lips with kisses and the hands with love, and young people pinching the prejudices and failings of their seniors instead of pressing lightly on the sensitive spots of experience and knowledge; none of them will squeak, oh, no! not any more than dollie would had I persisted in pinching her drum-tight sawdust legs or arms instead of her narrow waist. Sometimes one gets the exact locality and there comes an unexpectedly pronounced squeak! For instance, pinch a miser's pocket and you are surprised at the squeak the man will utter; give a well located nip to the jealous woman and the squeak that follows will amaze you; pinch the beauty on her vanity and she will squeak; or the hypocrite on his inconsistency, or the hypochondriac on his malady, or the maiden on her manners, or the athlete on his muscle. Only pinch in the right place and how they will squeak!

*

Once in a long time there crops up proof that superstition has a strong hold on people's minds yet, in spite of knowledge and invention and latter day light! There are statesmen who won't walk under a ladder, and parsons who observe Friday as an unlucky day, and leaders in society who dislike meeting a funeral or having peacock's feathers in their house. And all Deutschland has been waiting with ill-concealed apprehension for the arrival of little Hohenzollern, for fear it might be a boy, and the great and only William is reported to be very jubilant over the fact that the "wee" is a girl. And all because an old prophecy foretold that seven sons should come in unbroken line to the last German Emperor, and our irrepressible William began to be nervous when his wife had presented him with six, for he much disliked the idea of being last. Now, however, baby Liebchen has come, and the whole of Deutschland breathes a long sigh of satisfaction. I don't remember to have ever known such store set by a small girl baby. In contrast to her welcome reads the sign placed on the banks of the Ganges at certain points: "No female infants can be drowned here!" I wish long life and a stout pair of lungs and a spicy temper to the little Princess that she may duly tyrannize over her Imperial papa.

*

It is curious how the male parent succumbs to the small girl! The mother glories in her boys, ever since the first triumphal entry of the first proud mother, "I have gotten a man!" sounded on this earth of ours. She loves her girls, but timorously, doubtfully, with the burden of womanhood and its many-toned shades of sorrow and weakness heavy upon her, she knows the lot of women, and only in her boys does she feel truly hopeful and brave. But the small girl rules her dad! Only two days ago a little mother flitted into the sanctum and told me with an amused laugh, "He thinks there never was such a baby, just because it's a girl. He never bothered about the two boys, but now——" and a funny little look expressed volumes! You never hear the same proud inflexion in the mother's voice when she presents "My daughter" as when she introduces "My son." You never find the father of daughters as lenient or as liberal to his sons as to his girls. It is a very brave or very reckless small boy who will take liberties with papa, such as are lightly presumed upon by every wee girl. And so I can't help hoping that Liebchen will make faces and yell in the very presence of the Unutterable and that, later on, she will show a spirit that will quench him utterly in every one of his seventeen uniforms!

LADY GAY.

Individualities.

Baron Heinrich Heine, who committed suicide at Baden through grief at the loss of his wife, was the youngest nephew of the famous poet.

Sir George Trevelyan is the son of Hannah More Macaulay, sister of the historian. She married Sir Charles Trevelyan, of remarkable fame in North India and in the Crimean War.

Rudyard Kipling's earnings are said to have been deposited in the New Oriental Bank, which recently suspended; and the writer was so troubled over it that he abandoned his proposed trip to Samoa.

M. Larsen, a wealthy Danish banker, so strikingly resembles the Czar of Russia that he has got finally into an insane hospital. He came to imagine that he was really the Czar, and fear of assassination unsettled his mind.

Napoleon described Talleyrand as the whose face would preserve a smile while he was being kicked from behind. Talleyrand had his revenge. "It is a pity," he said, "that so great a man should have such bad manners." And the *mot* will cling to Napoleon forever.

*

Dickens's model for Inspector Bucket, in Bleak House, was James Tuckett, who is now visiting friends in San Francisco. He used to pilot Dickens through London dens and slums, and is never weary of relating incidents of his night excursions with the novelist. Tuckett is now eighty years old.

Dr. Frankel, a well known author of Weimar, Germany, had the temerity to criticize a German army officer publicly last summer, because he had forced his men to take long marches in the great heat, thus causing the death of one soldier. The doctor has been arraigned and fined thirty-five dollars.

There was great enthusiasm manifested in Buda-Pesth on September 13, the ninetieth birthday of the Hungarian patriot, Louis Kossuth. Several thousand people took part in a procession, and the battle flags that were carried in the war for independence of 1848 were borne through the streets.

Madame Patti is credited with considering the Princess of Wales the most beautiful woman in Europe. The great singer should be a competent judge, for she has met and known well nearly every sovereign in Europe. The Prince and Princess of Wales have always shown her marked attention, and she and the old German Emperor were the best of friends.

Carlyle smoked often and complained much of dyspepsia. A friend once ventured to suggest that his smoking might, perhaps, injure and depress him. "Yes," Carlyle said, "and the doctors told me the same thing. I left off smoking and was very meeserable; so I took to it again and was very meeserable still; but I thought it better to smoke and be meeserable than to go without."

Photographs of the late Princess Alexandra, daughter of King George of Greece, showing her at all ages and at every epoch of her life, hang in her father's study. The King was devoted to her and still mourns her deeply. In his social life he is such a democrat that court ceremony has become almost obsolete in Athens, as the King receives his visitors on terms of equality and chats with them in most informal fashion.

Dr. Lombroso, the well known Italian anthropologist, states that Sighele, a young lawyer, has discovered a village of criminals. It is the village of Artena, which enjoys an infamous notoriety, its inhabitants being robbers, thieves and assassins. In the Italian chronicles of the middle ages Artena already had this reputation. A search through the judicial records shows the same names continually appearing—a testimony to the hereditary character of the criminal impulses.

The famous tenor, Sims Reeves, who has finally left the lyric stage to become a music professor in London, is about seventy years old. For nearly a half-century following his appearance as the gypsy boy in Guy Mannering, he remained a public favorite, attaining his greatest successes in oratorios and other sacred music. Mr. Reeves is a son of a church organist in a Kentish town, and at fourteen he became the organist and choir-master of the village church.

Young and diffident orators will take heart when they learn that so self possessed a speaker as George William Curtis suffered greatly from stage fright on the occasion of his first lecture, and began by saying: "Ladies and gentlemen, the pitonless butt, with a solemnity which was changed to confusion when he perceived his error. In mentioning the occurrence, the Boston *Transcript* remarks: "Of course, he had meant to make an allusion to the bottomless pit."

Dominion Day at Elmroot.

Being the Story of how two Enterprising Tramps made use of a Golden Opportunity.

BY MACK.

Illustrated by Carl Ahrens.

WEARY WALKER and the Deacon came trudging into town just as the calithumpian procession had opened column and was marching through itself. It was Dominion Day in Elmroot and the people were just letting themselves real loose. The exploding of the blacksmith's anvils at break of day had been the opening signal for fifteen hours of solid fun and patriotic display, and at 10 a.m. the calithumpians started out from the furniture factory, and after parading all over the town were to march into the fair grounds, where racing, jumping, tugs-of-war, and other sports were to take place. Besides, at three o'clock, Prof. Magnifique of New York, under the management of Prof. Konross of Toronto, was to make a balloon ascension and a parachute drop from a stupendous altitude, after doing his unrivaled trapeze act while silhouetted against the clear blue sky. So the posters said. After this great attraction, Hon. Henry Dryham, M. P., Col. Bloodletter, Mayor Smiff of Elmroot and others were to deliver eloquent addresses suitable to the occasion. In the evening there would be fireworks, and the case containing the rockets was already on view at the drug store, looking outwardly like the box of a croquet set.

It was a great day in Elmroot, and people were coming in from ten miles around, whipping their heavy draught horses into a gallop when from a distance they saw the calithumpians and heard the tin horn blown discordantly by the clown who strutted at the head of the procession. The crowds along the sidewalks and on the road laughed heartily and constantly, for first came that clown, awful fat and frisky, with a painted false face, and behind him a body guard of thin clowns carrying large bread pans for shields and split sticks for swords, which made a tremendous crack when brought down on the lean flank of somebody's horse or on the head of some inquisitive boy who crowded too close in his eagerness to penetrate the identity of the maskers. Then came a wagon embowered in evergreens, drawn by a mule with a plug hat tied on its head, looking ever so wise and dignified, while on the seats were colored people and Irish people, all utterly impossible in their grotesqueness. Behind walked make-believe women carrying rag babies, into whose red flannel mouths the contents of a coal oil can, labeled "soothing syrup," were being copiously poured by a fellow dressed up to represent one of the local doctors. Two shabby men were leading what was intended for a bear, and singing, "Terri-terri-terri-terri-terri-ing fang-dol," and by exercising a little imagination and keeping your eyes off the bear's hind legs (which wore boots) and its front legs (which wore a pair of harvester's mits), you couldn't help pronouncing it real good. There was everything in the procession you could think of, and it was more than four hundred yards long, when everybody kept his place, which was not often.

WEARY WALKER.

Weary Walker and the Deacon had slept in an empty barn the night before and accidentally struck the town in their aimless tramping. Two more disreputable looking tramps, whisky-soaked, wretched and ragged, could not well be imagined, though some figures nearly as bad were in the procession. All eyes were upon the calithumpians and none noticed the wayfarers.

"We seem to have dropped down on something kind of special, Deacon."

"Rather, eh!"

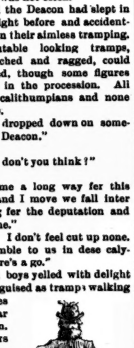
"Sort o' in our line, don't you think?"

"About our fit."

"Deacon, we've come a long way for this celibustin' occasion, and I move we fall inter line, without waiting fer the deputation and the address of welcome."

"All right, Weary. I don't feel cut up none. You see dey don't tumble to us in dese calytumpian clothes. Here's a go."

People laughed and boys yelled with delight to see two fellows disguised as tramps walking behind the rag babies and before the bear with the boots on. Some of the spectators knew all the calithumpians—or thought they did—and they laughed and wagged their heads as much as to say they knew the two fellows who were made up as dirty-faced tramps, but they had promised not to give it away. The barber as much as admitted that he had helped them to get up their scrubby black whiskers, but those around needn't start guessing who the two were, for he wouldn't tell whether they guessed right or not.



THE DEACON.

"That's Tom Mosher," said the bartender, pointing to the Deacon. "Come now, you can't fool me, Tom. I'm onto you, Tom."

The Deacon confidentially screwed up his eye at the bartender and made an imploring gesture, which in its silent way begged him not to let the crowd catch on to him. The bartender was starting to explain that he knew Tom by a boil on his neck, when a most remarkable thing happened.

The bear and its leaders were right behind Weary Walker and the Deacon, and now brain reached up with one of its mittened front paws and pulled its hide off, and Tom Mosher's red face appeared, and Tom Mosher's voice was angry.

"Shut up yer head, Smarty. 'Spose ye did ketch on to me, ye needn't give the hull snap away. Some people's too blamed smart." And then the bear swallowed the voice and waddled on again.

"I'll have to fix that with Mosey after the percession," said the bartender. "But who's them tramps anyhow? I know 'em both but I can't jest zactly place them nuther. Do you 'spose it's Bill Tutt and Ed. Wise—but no, Ed's one of 'em clowns—lemme see."

And the barber laughed again in a provokingly knowing way, and those around envied the barber and offered him cigars, but his smile grew more superior every minute as the procession neared the fair grounds.

"Say, Weary," said the Deacon, after the former had finished a playful tussle with a clown who was trying to recognize the supposedly familiar face behind the dirt and the shaggy whiskers; "do you 'spose, now, there'll be any free chawin' after all this monkey business?"

"Most like, Deacon. If there's any goin' we'll be in it, don't you think? But say, we've got to be mighty careful. That fellow just now wanted to pull my whiskers off so's he could see my face. Mind you, Deacon, if one of 'em gets either of us by the billy-goat and it won't pull off, they'll be on to us and we'll be fired afore dinner."

"Oh, don't. Don't talk, but pertect de whiskers."

"Talk easy, Deacon. Everything'll be all right until the time comes to parade afore the grand stand and unmask. Say, your face don't happen to be loose, does it, Deacon?—no, neither's mine, so I guess we'll have to drop out afore the last ceremony."

"Weary, sure as shootin', dere's a fee bein' took at de gate."

"Keep cool, and look as though you were dodging folks what might know you. The percessionists will get in free you'll find."

"Look out, dere! Gosh, dat kid nearly had me by de whiskers. I'll crack somebody a good un if dey don't be keerful."

Outside the gate some little distance a man had a refreshment booth, he not being willing to pay two dollars and a half for the privilege of a stand on the inside. Several of the calithumpians stepped up to the counter, giving the man a familiar wink conveying a promise, and selected anything they wanted in the way of cigars, candies and chewing gum. Weary Walker saw this and told the Deacon to do exactly as he did. Weary, faultlessly imitated by his partner, stepped up, winked suggestively at the caterer, and picked up a couple of fat sandwiches. The man seemed puzzled for half a second, but before such a crowd he would not admit that he didn't recognize two of the most prominent calithumpians of the lot. So he winked back and laughed until his face was red, at the way the make-believe tramps called into those sandwiches, and said it was too blamed natural for anything.

"Deacon."

"Eh?"

"We're purty slick."

And the procession filed through the gate.

(To be Continued.)

A Lonely Honeymoon.

Geordie Knox was one of those short, solidly-fat, grizzled but florid men who, after middle age, do not get into too great a hurry, find continual occupation for their hands in their trowsers' pockets and derive much solace from fragmentary clay pipes. Geordie was a favored mortal, however, and had graduated through many stages in the northern O'd Country factory in which he served until attaining his present position of watchman of the mill buildings. Over thirty years had given him many privileges and gained him not a little favor among his superiors. His shrewd tongue and many eccentricities were frequent subjects for remark. He was a widower of long and respectable standing, alone in the world, but it occasioned a large amount of speculation when it became rumored that Geordie was about to sacrifice to Hymen a second time. It soon became definitely known that Big Bella, one of the operatives, and perhaps the largest of them, had secured a title to his affections and that the wedding was to be celebrated on an early day. A generous clerk in the office immediately opened a subscription list for the purpose of defraying the expenses of a fortnight's honeymoon at the nearest "shore" or watering-place. Geordie accepted the gift with great equanimity, and went little further in acknowledgment than to say that "nae doot it wud come in gre an' handy." The wedding occurred next day, and the mill closed on Big Bella for ever and on Geordie for the two weeks' vacation which was readily granted him.

The following week one of the office men happened to be at the seaside resort where it was understood Geordie had betaken himself and his massive bride. Almost the first man he saw on the pier was Geordie himself, hands pocketed and pipe aglow.

"Well, Geordie, how are you getting along?"

"Aw, finely; there's nathin' to brag aboot."

"That's a fine wife you've got, anyway."

"Aye, she's a fine wumman, but what use hae I for one like that? One half the size wud do me just as weil for keepin' the house in order."

"And how does she like the salt water? I suppose she bathes every day."

"I don't think she would. She says she never likes to wat her heid. Ye'll know she's no here."

"Not here! Where is she, then?"

"Aw, just at hame. We talked it ower and ye see there's a lot o' expense in a young couple startin' house, an' a just thocht we'd save the expense o' Bella takin' a honeymoon now, so she's just up by in the toon. A feel's lot's the better o' bein' oot, but A'm fear'd it's goin' to be wat, an' a don't like fishin' in a shoor."

And so Geordie enjoyed his honeymoon.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

Two Gentlemen, One a Burglar.

Here is a story which is traveling through the Paris papers over the signature of no less a person than Aurelien Scholl:

A well known Paris clubman, the Viscount de Saint-Rieul, came home the other evening at ten o'clock. Having forgotten his glasses, he wasn't able to take part in a game of poker at the Sporting Club. He hired a carriage and gave the driver orders to take him to his house in the Rue Saint-Florentin. Of course, at that hour, his *valet de chambre* was out. Saint Rieul entered his apartment by means of a night key. On going into the parlor he found a stranger endeavoring to open a little safe. The stranger turned round on hearing him enter. Saint-Rieul took off his hat, and in a courteous tone said, "No doubt, sir, you are a burglar!"

"Sure enough," replied the stranger.

"I am sorry to disturb you," continued Saint-Rieul.

"How could a fellow imagine," said the burglar, "that a man of the world like you and such a reputed clubman could come home so early as this."

"I forgot something. Only for that my presence would be inexplicable."

The burglar sighed: "I have no sort of luck of late, and while waiting for a good stroke, the plans of which are already laid, I just came in here to keep my hand in, for I was afraid I might get rusty."

"Your explanations are very satisfactory indeed," said Saint-Rieul, "but since I happened to come in in time, just be good enough to retire."

"Certainly, sir."

"Take a cigar?"

"With pleasure," said the visitor, "because I would be sorry to go away skunked *(bredouille)*."

"The stairway is lighted," replied the viscount, "so that it will not be necessary for me to show you the way. If the concierge should be indiscreet enough to ask you where you are coming from, tell him simply that you have just left M. de Saint-Rieul."

"Thank you, sir."

"Light your cigar."

"Oh! don't take the trouble, sir. I have matches."

"Adieu, monsieur."

"I have the honor to salute you."

And the burglar quietly went downstairs.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Keep Off the Grass.

Old Gentleman—What is grass good for, little girl?

Little Girl—Good to keep off of.

Biggsby—Why did Teddy Chumley leave your club?

Quirk—It came to his ears that coarse salt was used in the cooking, and he couldn't eat the food.

The Consolations of Matrimony.

She—I suppose you would have been happier if you had not married me!
He—Yes, darling, but I wouldn't have known it.—*Life.*

A Bit of Human Nature.

Division street is a long ways from Fairview avenue, in more senses than one, but human nature is akin here, just the same as it is everywhere, and so I wasn't much surprised when I caught Dekin Spavin exchanging furtive glances with the pretty girl across the street before we had been living here a month.

Says I, indignantly, as my gaze turned pointedly from the placid countenance of the dekin to the blushing one of the maiden:

"If that don't beat all, Peletire Anthony!"

"Well now, Saphrona Maria," cooed Peletire approvingly. "She does beat the nation, don't she! I always thought them curty girls around in Fairview was the *neplusu ultra* but after all it's just as you say, this one," with a motion of his hand which might have been throwing a kiss and might not, to the coy occupant of the flower-framed balcony over the way, "is the huckleberry."

Just at this instant Knowlton Spavin, Dekin Spavin's nephew, who was boarding with us while he attended college in town, arose up from the opposite side of the window, piled his books upon his arm and went in a preoccupied way out of the room and upstairs.

Says the dekin reproachfully, and with a turn the subject air:

"I don't suppose Knowlton will ever be able to count the inhabitants of Mars unless he gets thirty five millions of miles from you, Saphrona Maria."

The next time I saw that pretty girl she was standing on the cross walk between our separate abodes, and the dekin was down on his knees in the mud at her feet, skilfully drawing on one of her overshoes.

When the operation was successfully performed the girl give the dekin a little pat on his shoulder, flashed a bewildering smile into his upturned face and was gone.

Says I, sternly, as Peletire rose up and come toward me, brushing the mud from his knees:

"I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself, Dekin Spavin!"

Says the dekin, as his mild blue eyes commenced a troubled inspection of his old clothes:

"Why, I was, Saphrona; but I hadn't no idea you would appreciate my feelings. I'll go right in and get on my Sunday suit; she said she would be back in half an hour."

At the end of the half hour back she come, prettier, if anything, than when she went away; but I fancied there was a wistful look in the pretty blue eyes, and a pathetic drop to the pretty red lips, and some way I imagined she was slyly eying our landlord's humble domicile—that is, she was till the dekin stepped out from somewhere, with a delicious little bunch of violets in his hand.

And that forlorn man kept step with that witched girl clear to her front door, and then he left her and come absently back to our own door, her eyes were full of sunbeams, her lips full of smiles, and held in place at the round white throat by a diamond lace pin, was the bunch of dew-wet violets.

Just within our front door I met the dekin with a ecstatic smile on his countenance.

Says I, in a outraged tone:

"If you ain't the biggest old goose I ever—"

Says the dekin, interrupting swiftly:

"It isn't no disgrace to be a old goose, is it, Saphrona? Besides, if it was, it is worth something to feel so good once in a while; better be a old goose yourself, Saphrona Maria."

Without another word to the dekin I flew off upstairs, and burst in on Knowlton Spavin, deaf and dumb, and altogether oblivious, before a great desk full of books.

As I came to a breathless halt within the doorway I says, says I, very impressively:

"I declare for it, Knowlton, if your uncle ain't gone clean crazy this time! He says himself he is 'lost in admiration of the superb creature across the street!'"

At my entrance Knowlton's eyes had turned impatiently in my direction; now his gaze drifted indifferently towards the window, through which occasional glimpses of a golden head behind the lace curtain of that brown stone, could be caught, as he replied deliberately:

"Opinions differ on all important subjects, Aunt Saphrona, and in this case I should say uncle was crazy if he didn't worship at the shrine of such a divine attitude; I should myself if I were not an engaged man."

The idea of my going to an engaged man for sympathy—I never thought of that—especially one who had had the temerity to fall in love with a rich man's daughter, and get set out on the sidewalk violently for his audacity, with the injunction: "Don't you never darken my doors again, young man, till I invite you!" However, I was full primed, and I must "go off" regardless of circumstances, so I continued on, more and more indignantly:

"But she needn't be wearing his ring, need she?"

"How do you know she is?" queried Knowlton calmly, as he proceeded to draw a very deliberate triangle on a scrap of paper before him.

"Didn't I see him draw it off his finger, and put it on here, same time he transferred that bunch of violets—"

"Oh, well, auntie," interrupted our nephew, as he turned his back to the window, "I wish you not worry about that; it's a good heavy band and she can't wear it out in twenty years."

Good land! men are all alike—they can't never see nothing until you turn on a Lick telescope—and half of them can't then.

I came downstairs slower than I went up; dignity prevented my further conversation with that dull boy above, and I always walk slow when I feel dignified.

At the foot of the stairs I met Peletire, all dressed up in his best Prince Albert, with a tubs-rose in his buttonhole, a serene smile on his lips, and his carefully brushed silk hat in his hand.

Says he, kind of deferentially:

"D'you care, Saphrona Maria, if I go out to Clarke's greenhouse with Miss Orme? She wants to order some expensive palms, and you know I'm a good judge of—"

"I shouldn't think you'd ask me," says I, plunging in bitterly; "you know very well—"

"Oh, yes," interpolated Peletire, as he turned briskly towards the door, "of course I knew you didn't care, but it's got to be kind of habit for me to consult you, even on indifferent matters. Ta-ta—can't tell when I'll get back—depends on Miss—"

The closing of our landlord's door closed the sentence, and I stood there till the rumbling of the carriage wheels died away in the distance, then I hurried upstairs and dressed me for the street. Passing Knowlton's room, I put my head in at the open door and says decidedly:

"Perhaps you'd better get your dinner in a restaurant, Knowlton; I'm going to see a lawyer and get a divorce—and maybe I won't get back till night."

For a moment our nephew gazed at me in a perplexed way, and then he says, as he gave his shoulders a contemptuous shrug:

"Very foolish in you, Aunt Saphrona; a divorce would cost a mint of money, and you can't eat it, nor drink it, nor wear it; enough sight better buy a parlor suit or a barrel of molasses."

Again I descended the stairs with dignity. But that dignity was all gone when I found me on Lawyer Motte, in his office in the great Commonwealth. As it happened, the lawyer was conversing with the Honorable De Tonne—but I'd heard Dekin Spavin say he wasn't nothing but a man, after all, and as I wasn't afraid of no living man I just says, breathless and emphatic, *sans* ceremonies:

"I want a divorce, mister; one of the unlimited kind"

Says the lawyer, kind of sarcastic, as he give me a scathing look over his glasses:

"Do you want it before dinner, madam?"

"Yes," says I, unabashed, as I glanced up at the court-house clock, which was just striking nine; "before breakfast would suit me better."

Then them two men looked into each other's eyes and give a little smile, and Lawyer Motte drew a blank sheet of paper toward him as he says more politely to me:

"What's the offence? Drunkenness?"

"W-h-a-t!" says I, in the shrillest tones of surprise. "Drunk-en-ness! D-e-k-in Spavin!"

"Well, then," continued the lawyer crisply, "does the dekin lead a dual existence? In other words, my dear madam, is he supporting two families?"

"Dekin Spavin! Supporting two families!" says I in an incredulous tone, as I tried to hide up the hole in the thumb of my glove. "No, I says I, shaking my head sadly, "it's all Dekin Spavin wants to do to support one."

"It's a case of desertion then? When did you see your husband last, Mis' Spavin?"

"See him last?" says I, looking in a puzzled way from the lawyer to our honorable seemed who was smilin' over the *Cricket*, at the other side of the room, "why about an hour ago."

"Great Scott! woman, what has the man done, anyway?"

Lawyer Motte didn't seem to be as out of patience as his words would indicate, so I says, waxing indignant as I proceeded:

"Done! Done everything! Winks and makes eyes at all the pretty girls continually. Throws kisses to 'em, buys candy for 'em, and when they'll let him he goes off with 'em to greenhouses to select—"

"Oh, if that's all," says Lawyer Motte, with an audible smile, as he glanced roguishly over at the Honorable De Tonne while he dropped the blank into the waste paper basket. "I'm afraid you have no case at all; we all do that way—I do myself, if I don't miss the chance; so did King Solomon—and judging by the context, he didn't miss no chance."

"Misery!" exclaimed I, shrilly. "And that's all right, is it? And if I so much as look on the same hymn book at prayer meeting with young Peterkin Peterson, Dekin Spavin won't look at me for a week, and then he tells me, in a accusative manner, that I can pack up my duds and go live with Peterkin Peterson if I want to!"

Them two men laughed softly—'twas another case of "doing that way themselves," likely—but presently they toned down sufficiently for Lawyer Motte to say solemnly, as he turned his legal eyes from me to flash them on the Honorable De Tonne:

"We ought to have a general law that would apply to these no-cause cases; there'd be a bonanza in it." Then he continued encouragingly, as he turned kindly toward me, "Don't be discouraged, madam; a woman secured a divorce last week, now I think of it, because her husband wouldn't eat pie for breakfast. You come in again and we'll have the matter fixed up right."

Some ways I was twice as long getting back home as I was going out to the lawyer's office; my feet felt shod with lead, my heart seemed bound with iron; I expected to take that divorce back in my pocket, and it wasn't no wonder I didn't notice that the dekin had gone ahead of me till I opened the door right into his face, just as he was saying, with a lordly wave of the hand at a dozen men all fixed up in dress suits at his back:

"This is our excellent and worthy Mean Committee, Saphron Maria." Then he added sotty vocy, "I asked them around to dinner, Saphrona, because it's wash day to all their houses."

My days alive! and there wasn't a thing in the house to eat—and our pocket-book was as empty as our landlord's cupboard!

What did we have for dinner? I don't know—I never did know; but I recollect perfectly well that after all them men were duly seated and duly waited on, I toiled slowly upstairs to change my dress and bathe my face and hands. When I got down again there wasn't a mortal soul to be seen nowheres around the house and Dekin Spavin was *non est* also.

But there was Knowlton Spavin; so walking in on him and his books I says abruptly:

"Where's that mean committee, Knowlton?"

"Gone," says Knowlton, without looking up.

"And where's Dekin Spavin?"

Says Knowlton kind of uneasily:

"Gone too."

Says I, as I glanced at Knowlton Spavin suspiciously:

"Did he go with the committee?"

For an instant Knowlton glanced up timidly, and then he faltered:

"N-o—I—think not."

I knew it all the time! And my eyes confirmed my fears when I stepped over to the window just in time to see Peletire go sailing around the corner, in the direction of Fairmount park, under Miss Orme's lace-trimmed parasol.

It didn't take me but one minute to decide what to do, and ten minutes to do it—and I stole up behind them two, in that lovely park, like a ghost in velvet slippers. I espied them from the very entrance—Miss Orme's blue china silk and fluffy hat throwing Peletire's bald, shiny head into undue prominence. As I drew near so softly, like mist in the morning, the dekin bent that same shallow pate of his down close to Miss Orme's beautiful, blushing cheek, and I heard him whisper sweetly:

"Just one, darling! I've waited so long."

Then I stepped out from behind the miniature arbor that had been sheltering their wicked *tete a tete*, and I says in my sternest tones, as I transfixed them both with my most penetrating and accusing gaze:

"You old traitor, you! Kiss me if you want to kiss anybody—and you needn't wait a minute, either—and then I'd thank you to walk yourself home, and help me clear up the *debree* all them men made."

I stopped short right there, with a feeling as if the whole earth was passing out from under my feet. The man and woman I was talking to was a man and woman I never set eyes on before, and with my first word they had sprung the length of the bench apart, and with my last one they had glared stony at each other and at me, risen to their feet spontaneously, made one another a mocking, sweeping bow, and taken each their departure toward different parts of the compass; and, as I said, there I stood dumbfounded, weak as a cat, and half my oration unsaid. All I had to be thankful for was that Peletire didn't know about it—and that the Reverend Doctor Lloyd was standing on our landlord's front steps when I reached home.

I knew I was sure of sympathy and advice there—I wondered I hadn't thought of it before then.

Says I, anxiously, to the good man as soon as I got him seated comfortably in the dekin's easy chair:

"I've been going to talk to you about Dekin Spavin—"

"Ah, yes," broke in the minister approvingly, "there isn't no more zealous worker in the church than our good old deacon; and he does more abroad for the suppression of vice and immorality than any other two deacons in my fold."

I gave a great sigh and started over again:

"I want to speak to you about Miss Orme—"

"Oh! I'm so pleased that you've mentioned the subject," again interrupted the dominie, as his bright eyes turned benignantly toward the brown stone across the way. "She is a lovely girl, isn't she? Quite one of the lambs of our flock, notwithstanding all her wealth and worldly surroundings. I have just had her transferred to Dekin Spavin's class—if anyone can lead her aright he can."

Good land! give a terrific inward groan, and started again once more:

"I—"

"Now, my dear Sister Spavin," the minister's voice was beseeching, "don't under-rate yourself; it always gives me pain to have the members of my church under-estimate their own characters."

I didn't start again; the case was hopeless! Besides, the dekin came walking in just at this point, and in five minutes them two men were leagues away among the poor Zenanas and such, and I slipped out unnoticed to clear away the remnants of "free lunch" that were strewed all over our landlord's dark little dining-room.

I didn't see the dekin again till just as it got dusk I see the great door across the street open and close after the graceful form of a maiden in trailing garments, who carried in with her a bouquet of pink blossoms, which was followed immediately by the muffled closing of our own door and the noisy entrance of Peletire into my presence. He looked as innocent as an old bell weather, and he says with an extremely injured expression:

"Dumb it all! Saphrona Maria, ain't you never going to have supper? I'm as hungry as a bear!"

"Yes," says I, as I glanced meaningly at the oleander blossom in his button-hole, "you're hungry or you're in love all the time."

The dekin replied quietly and with a far-away look:

"That was the way with Adam in the Garden of Eden. That's man, Saphrona Maria; man—perfect from the hands of the Creator; now rush in and criticize where angels fear to tread."

I guess I must have dreamt of that girl that night, for the first thing I says in the morning, when I opened my eyes on that brown stone front and fine curtains, was:

"If she wasn't rich I'd try and put her in the Reform School."

Says Peletire quietly, as his eyes followed mine:

"Her father is rich, but she is poorer than poverty's grandmother."

Peletire is a master hand at evading a subject, so I didn't condescend to open no argument, and he resumed:

"The poor thing has no rights like other girls; she can't wear red shoes—they are too conspicuous; she can't ride a bicycle—it attracts the attention of the 'common herd;' she can't munch candy nor chew gum while she waits for the train—that's vulgar; she can't marry the man she wants to—because—"

"Because he is married," interrupted I, with a pointed look. Then I added scornfully, "I'd about her!"

"Yes," acquiesced the dekin, as he proceeded to tie a bran new white four-in-hand before the mirror. "I more than pity her from the bottom of my heart."

"Looks that way," says I significantly.

But Peletire from that time on was deaf and dumb, notwithstanding his whole attention upon a elaborately careful toilet, and I never said another word till near noon, and then I says to him differently:

"Better go up and see when Knowlton would like to have his dinner."

The dekin looked up from his paper very absent-mindedly as he replied in a very abstracted manner:

"Knowlton went out early this morning, Saphrona. I kind of think he won't be home for dinner at all, to-day."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed I, in trepidation, "I wonder if anything is the matter?"

Peletire gazed out of the window indifferently a moment, before he answered unconcernedly enough:

"Nothing much; only the old codger he is named after died the other day and left him a hundred thousand dollars, and he's gone down to sign the receipt."

"Well, then," and my heart sank like lead—Knowlton's board money had been coming in awful *apropos*—"I suppose he'll be getting married to the girl of his, and we won't have no boarder no more."

"Very likely; in fact, he said as much this morning."

Peletire's tone was so indifferent that I knew his mind wasn't in it; besides, I noticed that he hadn't done nothing since breakfast time but eye the house across the street slyly, and so I says abruptly, and with as tantalizing an accent as possible—

"You and Miss Orme had a falling out, Dekin Spavin?"

The dekin dropped his eyes guiltily as he says sheepishly—

"N-o, not exactly; I met her father last night, and he told me he was going to send her to her grandmother's in Seattle, to-day—it seems some highly respected friend of Mr. Orme's is going that way, and it will be a good chance."

"I suppose when you marry the Duke you will go at once to his home in England with him?"

"Dear me, no! I wouldn't trust myself away over there with a man I know so little about."—*Life.*

DEAR SPORTSMAN!

Have you everything ready for your SHOOTING TRIP? We have a "power" of goods in GUNS, RIFLES and accessories that are worthy your attention.

If you use our LOADED AMMUNITION your shooting will improve 20 per cent.

H. P. DAVIES & CO. 81 YONGE STREET TORONTO

"Time he did, if I know anything about it!"

My tone was so bitter and so pointed that Peletire cringed round in his seat uneasily and bent his head so low over his paper that I could no longer see his face—and silence reigned supreme, until a glittering coach came whirling down the street, and stopped at the curb across the way.

Thinks I, as I dropped my sewing in my lap, and bent forward with both eyes fixed intently on the elegant equipage and house:

"I might as well see the witch off, any way—but it is strange she doesn't go in their own carriage."

What the dekin thought I can't say, but the *Truth* fluttered out of his grasp and fell unheeded on the floor, while he leaned luxuriantly back in his easy chair, and turned his gaze as intensely on the same point as I.

Of course I expected the great doors of the house to swing back every instant—but they didn't; instead, even as I gazed breathless, the door at the front of the coach, and a young man, superbly gotten up someway—even more "fetching" than Peletire—sprang out, and ran lightly up the marble steps.

Thinks I, with a twinge of disappointment—I was in such a hurry to see the very last of that girl—

"Inopportune company; some relation likely—Miss Orme's brother, probably, from somewhere."

That last was an afterthought, caused by the familiar way the young man laid his gloved hand on the bronze door-knob—but I didn't stop to do more thinking, for just as the door swung open, under the hand of a very obsequious servant, the young man turned square around, giving our landlord's house one swift, searching glance, and I see myself facing, face to face, with—Knowlton Spavin.

Says I, just as quick as I could get my breath, and I laid an stinging hand on the dekin's knee, while I kept distended eyes fixed on the door that had just closed after our nephew:

"Go and get him—hurry—before them Ormes telephone for the police, Dekin Spavin! That money has clean turned his brain, or else he wouldn't never make nosuch dreadful mistake."

"Don't get excited, Saphrona Maria," answered Peletire calmly, as he deliberately adjusted his foot-rest; "Knowlton ain't made no mistake; didn't I tell you he was going to be married to-day? Besides," he added, with a quizzical, sideways glance, "it would hardly answer for me to take Mr. Orme's highly respected son, by storm."

For a minute—a long, long minute, while the ticking of the clock was the only thing I heard—I gazed with wildly rolling eyes straight on the serene and placid countenance opposite my own, then I give a great gasp, said "Good land," or something, in an inaudible tone, and fainted dead away.

When I came to Dekin Spavin was fanning me with all his might and main and a newspaper, and I says first thing, with all the irony and reproach at my command, as I turned a tearful gaze on the stately person of the Reverend Doctor Lloyd, who was ascending the side steps of the brown stone across the way:

"It's most a wonder, Dekin Spavin, that you didn't forget to never mention Knowlton Spavin's girl's name to me, I s'pose."

And Dekin Spavin says, as he adopted my tone, while he bent a smiling face close to mine:

"It's most a wonder, Saphrona Maria, that you didn't forget to never mention to me what you said to that old chappie in Fairmount Park yesterday!—*Waverley Magazine.*

Magnificent New Vestibule Pullman Sleepers, Toronto to New York.

The Erie Railway have had the Pullman Palace Car Company build two of the finest Pullman sleepers that ever run between Toronto and New York. Every person who ever traveled in a Pullman sleeper will agree with us their equal cannot be found for convenience and comfort. The interior of these cars are handsomely decorated and lighted with all the latest improvements, such as Pintsch gas and finished in gold plush, drawing-room with annex, ladies' toilet-room with double wash-room, with portiers, hot and cold water, and a well stocked buffa in every sleeper. The scenery along this picturesque route cannot be equalled in the Eastern States. By traveling via this great route you avoid being smothered in soft coal cinders and dust along the road, as they burn nothing but hard coal. Every foot of the road is stone ballasted, and must also remember this is also a double track road. The above sleepers leave Toronto at 4.55 p.m., daily, except Sundays.

A Pointer on Avenue B.

Gamin—I knows where dey's some business for you, Grosstein.

Grosstein—Here's a nickle, mine leedle frent. Vere vas it?

Gamin—Dey'er der polo grounds. Dey've jes called t'ree balls on Mickey Welch.

A View of the World's Fair Buildings,

in the form of a large sized lithograph, in eight colors, with key to same, can be had by sending your address with twenty cents in postage stamps, to Geo. H. Heafford, G. P. A., Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry, Chicago, Ill. As the supply is limited, applications must be made early. Should the supply become exhausted the postage stamps will be returned to applicant.

The Old Rubber Trick.

"Why, you poor man! how did you come to lose your foot—in the war?"

"No, ma'am. I used to live in the suburbs, and in running for a train on an early spring morning I caught my foot in the mud and left it there."

Authorized Canadian edition. Stevenson's new romance, The Wrecker, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Stevenson's thrilling romance of the South Seas has been universally pronounced the most absorbing piece of fiction of the year, while appearing in *Scribner's Magazine.* It is a story of daring adventure, of lost treasure, of shipwreck, of rescue and mutiny, worthy to rank with Kidnapped and Treasure Island. Toronto: The National Publishing Company.

NEW Photos on Opal

ARTISTIC Photos in Black and White, mat finish

BEAUTIFUL Steel Engraving Effect

WALKER 147 Yonge Street

She Knew McGinty.

One day in my wandering along the Clover Fork of the Cumberland River, I stopped at a farm house to get dinner, and as I sat in the shade of the porch waiting, I was whistling for lack of thought and something else to do, the reading supply of the establishment being painfully short. My hostess was knocking around inside, getting the dinner ready, and evidently heard my tuneless and gentle melodies for she stuck her head out of the door.

"Do yer whistle by note, mister?" she enquired, "er jist simultaneous like?"

"Mostly simultaneous like," I responded laughing.

"I never heerd them chunes afore," she went on, "an' I kinder had an idee they wur book chunes got out fer extry."

"Oh, no," I assured her, "they are merely little bits from the popular airs of the day, that everybody whistles."

"S that so?" she asked in surprise. "I hain't never heerd 'em up this away. What's their naves?"

"Well, Comrades, Annie Rooney, Maggie Murphy's Home, Ta-ra Boom, McGinty, and so forth. Didn't you ever hear of McGinty?"

She became thoughtful.

"What's the name?" she enquired. "Seems kinder like as if I knowed it."

"McGinty," I repeated slowly, and her face brightened.

"Oh, yes," she exclaimed, "I knowed I knowed it, but somehow I couldn't quite see fo what it blonged. Ain't he the feller that they named the tariff after?"

I said it was and went in to dinner.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Wife—Well, I've learned a thing or two about you since we were married.

Democrat (who is out late every night, drilling for the parades)—Yeah, my dear. Thieh 'n education! champagne.

WE WILL SEND absolutely FREE for three months one of the best Family Journals published (with long columns) to every person who can find

THREE FACES

On this figure.

Enclose 9 cents to pay for mailing.

Medical Adviser and Farm Help, Bowmanville, Ont.

Mention *Saturday Night.*

CANCER For 6 cts. in stamps you can learn how to cure it without knife or plaster. Mention *Saturday Night* and address—STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England

COFF NO MORE

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS

Will give positive and instant relief to those suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop. TRY THEM.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co. (Limited) MONTREAL

MANUFACTURERS OF REFINED SUGARS OF THE WELL-KNOWN BRAND

Redpath

OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY AND PURITY

Made by the Latest Processes, and Newest and Best Machinery, not surpassed anywhere.

LUMP SUGAR In 50 and 100 lb. boxes.

"CROWN" Granulated Special Brand, the finest which can be made.

EXTRA GRANULATED Very Superior Quality.

CREAM SUGARS (Not dried).

YELLOW SUGARS Of all Grades and Standards.

SYRUPS Of all Grades in Barrels and half Barrels.

SOLE MAKERS Of high class Syrups in Tins, 2 lbs. and 5 lb. each.

LALLY!!! LACROSSE STICKS AND Athletic Requisites of All Kinds

Sold at reasonable prices. Special discount to clubs.

FRANK S. TAGGART & CO. 89 King St. West, Toronto

The Story of a Photograph.

(Written for Saturday Night by Uncle Artie.)

"Where did you pick this up, Jack?"

Dr. Jack Trewal, otherwise known as Doc, the person addressed, a sun-burned, curly-haired fellow dressed in that half-uniform which indicates the regimental surgeon, was stretched with half-closed eyes upon a camp-bed, vainly endeavoring to keep passably cool. The hot Indian sun beat mercilessly down upon the tent in which the question was asked, and the only living things which seemed capable of continued movement were the flies of all sorts and permission, from the Indian dragon-fly to the humble and omnipresent domestic genus which buzzed in and out through the opening of the tent. Hawalipindi is not an ideal spot for a regimental camp even at its best, but on this particular day Tommy Atkins, as represented by the 16th Battalion of Her Majesty's Dragoon Guards, could gladly have exchanged quarters with any regiment which served "the widder," no matter where it might be situated.

Ever since a little incident on board the troopship *en route* from England had thrown Dr. Jack together, "Doc" and I had been staunch friends and partly perhaps because, in his wanderings over the globe, he had made some considerable stay in Canada, the land I proudly and sometimes so aggressively claimed as the place of my birth as to have received the nickname "Tobby" in the mess-tent, an inelegant abbreviation of toboggan. Perhaps I deserved this, as in a temperature of 130° in the shade my vivid and enthusiastic description of the use of that article was apt to prove tantalizing. Such time as my duties permitted, I usually spent in the hospital, as our men dubbed the doctor's tent, and it was while rummaging in the depths of his chest that I came across the object which had elicited the above query.

It was a small, square photograph. From its size I recognized it as having been taken by the doctor's little detective camera, for which it was an unusually good one. The picture was that of a man, clothed in a suit of light flannels and standing upon a horizontal rock with a ripple of water at its base in which it was reflected. The sunlight streaming through the branches overhead just touched a cluster of light curls which crowned his head. The face was not visible, being turned, apparently in a listening attitude, towards a dark, pine back-ground; the hand nearest to the front of the picture held a watch, the other rested upon what seemed to be a rope, attached at one end to a large stone that seemed almost ready to topple over into the water, while the other end appeared to be tied about the figure's neck.

It was a peculiar, even a startling picture, and as I held it towards the light to get a better view of it, the question burst involuntarily from my lips. "Got what!" wearily grunted Dr. Jack, as he turned lazily on his couch.

"Why, this," I exclaimed, holding the picture towards him.

His eyes had hardly rested upon it, when, as though touched by some hidden battery, he sprang from the bed; all his languor vanished, and snatching it from my hand, he exclaimed:

"Where did you get that?"

"That's the question I asked you," I replied, somewhat surprised at his sudden change from torpor to such un-Indian activity.

For a few moments he did not answer, but walking to the opening, stood gazing out across the gleaming sand, the photograph held listlessly by his side. At last he said, turning round:

"Forgive my hastiness, old man, but no one had ever seen that picture before, but myself. It is one of two articles which are all that remain of a tragedy which I unintentionally witnessed, and yet was unable to prevent. This"—he continued, opening the paper at the back of the negative—"is the other."

He handed me a pressed and withered flower, which possessed just sufficient of its original semblance for me to recognize it.

"A yellow water-lily," I remarked, handing it back; "and this tragedy, Jack, now that I have happened upon these two links in the chain, may I know the rest, or is it a secret?"

"In a measure it is," he replied, "but I was not sworn to secrecy, and if I have kept it as such, it is because no possible good could have followed its publication abroad, but we may neither of us ever again be near the place where it occurred, so if you care to hear it I will tell you the whole story: for all I know, you may have passed that very rock, for it is in a region I have often heard you speak of. Sometimes in the night," he added, gazing at the picture, "I see that rock far more plainly than it is portrayed there. Do you know the long stretch from Burleigh Falls up to Lake Lovesick?"

"Yes," I replied, picking up the picture to see if I recognized the spot, but the high, granite rock with the pine back-ground was like thousands of other spots in that region of rocks and pine-forest, and I laid it down again without comment.

"No, I thought you would not know it," he remarked. "There are few who do, even those best acquainted with the locality. It was on the eighth day of September, three years ago, that coming up to meet a party at Lakefield, for a few days' duck-shooting up the lakes, I was dashed off the other side of Peterboro' by an accident to the west-bound freight, and upon my arrival I found that my friends had already left on the steamer for Buckhorn. As I had the materials for a day's solitary camping and knew the way pretty well, I started off up the Otonabee and reached Burleigh Falls the same night; next morning I was up and away before sun-up, determined if possible to get a shot on the way up the river. On the right bank, half-way up to Lovesick, I was attracted by what seemed to be an opening in the rock, half hidden by tall rushes and all but choked up with thick beds of wild rice. Thinking it might possibly lead to some secluded lake in which I might find ducks, I paddled towards it. As I pushed through the reeds—which were parted as though someone had passed before that morning—the swish of wings above me, as a flock passed over my head, assured me that I was on the right trail at last, and I carefully examined my gun before proceeding further. The little camera which took this picture—there it is under the bed—was lying beside the gun at the bottom of the canoe, and I placed it before me in order to get a snap-shot picture of the birds before they rose. Two more paddle strokes sent me clear of the weeds and intervening rushes, and I floated out upon the still bosom of a tiny lake, at the far end of which black specks on the surface—which was already brightening in the rays of the rising sun—showed the whereabouts of the feathered quarrie.

With the intention of creeping up to them unperceived, I turned in to the shore. The movement of my canoe as it swung round to the right brought me directly opposite that rock, and that picture, for almost instinctively I laid the paddle across the thwarts and picking up the camera, opened the slide, focused the sun right, and pressed the button—the result you see before you.

In laying the instrument down again I inadvertantly touched my gun, which, poised against the rest of my baggage, fell with a loud bang against the side of the canoe. The noise startled and turned.

It was not the strangeness of the meeting in that out-of-the-way place, it was not even the uncanny suggestiveness of the rope tied from his neck to that loose rock that sent a thrill through my nerves. It was his face!

If ever mortal anguish shining through the light of a deadly resolve was depicted on human features, it was portrayed there. The mouth was set rigidly, the brows—crowned with a tumbled mass of light, curling hair—were drawn in an agonized frown over two wild, black eyes that glared at me as though at some horrible vision.

Paddling towards him, and endeavoring to assume an unconcerned voice, I said:

"Hullo! Anything the matter?"

For some time he continued gazing at me with the same fixed stare; then clearing his voice with a short, husky cough he asked in a strange, mechanical voice:

"Why have you come here?"

"To kill ducks," I replied. "Why have you?"

In the same tones, emphasizing each word as though it were a lesson, he answered:

"To kill myself!"

"To what!" I exclaimed, horrified.

"To kill myself—are you going to try and prevent me?" As he spoke, he stooped and picked up something that glittered in the sunlight. It was a revolver. Again he spoke: "I did not expect witnesses. It would have been so much better if you had been delayed ten minutes longer, for then you might have shot your ducks in happy ignorance of the fact that I was down there in a hundred and nine feet of water. I have measured it," he added, as though anticipating some doubt on my part as to the depth. "My canoe is down there now, with the counterpart of this rock tied to it. I don't know who you are, my friend, but do not try to prevent what is going to happen, or else"—he glanced at the revolver, then at his watch and continued: "In two minutes more a marriage takes place many miles from here, which severs the last link that binds me to this earth. An early marriage is it not? But I shall be there, oh! yes, I shall be there, for perhaps at the very moment when she, who two short months ago, stood upon this very rock, with me stretched there at her feet, read aloud, Hiawatha's Wooing, perhaps at the very moment when she is uttering the fatal words, 'I will,' I shall drink the contents of this," he drew a small vial from his pocket, "replace it so as to leave no trace behind and then"—his thin lips curled in the ghost of a smile, "It will be a painless death," he added, "and then I shall sleep, perchance to dream of those happy, happy hours, of two months ago. The bonbons, the long paddle up the river, the two dances, the long talks out over at the hotel ball, or if I can, better still, to be beside her once more, in spirit, yes, in spirit."

"Do not move," he said as I, awaking from my stupor, plunged my paddle into the water resolved at any risk to save him if I could. "Do not move, time is up, good-bye." Before I could dip again it was done. Hurled far out into the lake, the revolver fell with a splash into the water, he drank the contents of the vial, replaced it in his pocket, took from an inside pocket something which he kissed, and then, reeling forward with outstretched grasping hands he found the stone and touched it. There were two heavy splashes, which sent a whole cloud of frightened ducks whirling over the water and flung a shower of spray over me, then the waters closed, and when, ten seconds later, my canoe passed over the spot nothing remained but a few tiny bubbles and the faded flower."

That is the story Dr. Jack Trewal told me of the photograph and flower which I now have in my possession. Last year the smallpox broke out among the ranks of the 16th Dragoon Guards, poor Jack being the first to succumb to that dread disease. Dear, noble fellow! It was while tending my sick bed that he caught the fatal infection, while I escaped unblemished. There were but few other cases. The regiment shifted its quarters to Meerut and I was invalided home; and it is now, on a hot day in September, 1892, that I, upon the very rock of the photograph, the whereabouts of which I found with some difficulty, and with the last connecting link in my hand, write this story.

For, caught in a chink in the rock, and half embedded in a thick layer of moss, I found a small gold locket, which contains uninjured on one side a lock of brown hair and on the other the picture of a girl—who never married. For four years ago when in New York *en route* to India to join my regiment I saw that face, the bridal veil hardly more white than its deathly hue. She was being carried out of a church *dead!* And the startled verger told me in an awe struck whisper that it was heart disease.

Dividing Her Patronage.

Druggist (to Mrs. Postedge, who never buys anything but stamps)—Don't you ever use drugs?

Mrs. Postedge—Oh, yes! But I like to divide my patronage. I buy my stamps of you, and my drugs of Dr. Peasels, across the avenue.

In the Gutter.

It rarely happens that a bundle of bank notes, accidentally dropped in the street, remains for a matter of half an hour in a crowded thoroughfare without someone picking it up. Very luckily, however, for a young man employed as a messenger for a firm of London brokers, this was the case some time ago.

The young man was hurrying through a crowded street, when he let fall a bundle of notes of the value of forty-five thousand dollars. He went his way unaware of his loss; but half an hour later, having discovered his loss, he retraced his steps in a terribly excited state of mind, peering into every nook and corner which seemed likely to harbor the missing packet. Precisely at the spot where the valuable packet had fallen there was a pineapple stall, and of the proprietor of the same—a woman—he enquired, in a trembling voice, whether she had seen anything of his lost treasure.

A lucky chance had guided him to the right person. She had noticed a bundle of papers that fell close to her stall; but being busily engaged at the moment in slicing her pineapples for sale, she had kicked the paper into the gutter. And, by good luck, in the gutter, along with a quantity of street rubbish, the messenger found the lost papers, which had lain there unnoticed by the crowd of pedestrians.

A Dangerous Man.

"You had bad luck with that duffer, didn't you?" asked one bunco sharper of another.

"Yes. He stole twenty dollars from me."

"Who was he?"

"He's a Chicago World's Fair promoter."

A Boomerang.

"Are you doing much reading this summer?" asked Mawson of the silly looking girl, just for a joke.

"Not much," she replied. "A little Kant, some Schopenhauer, Browning, and William Morris. What do you think of Morris?"

And Mawson had to admit he'd never read Morris.

MELISSA

THE

Original and only Reliable

Porous Rainproof Cloth in

the world!

THE BEST IN THE WORLD — TRADE MELISSA MARK — WARRANTED RAINPROOF REGISTERED

YOU WANT A FALL OVERCOAT and you want the best that can be had for the money.

THE SEASON IS MOST LIKELY TO BE RAINY, so if your fall overcoat will answer for a waterproof as well, you are that much ahead.

THE WISE THING TO DO is to buy a Melissa Coat; it is the only coat manufactured which will satisfactorily fill the requirements.

THE FACT THAT MELISSA COATS ARE RAINPROOF does not interfere in the slightest degree with their being soft, warm and comfortable.

No other fabric is so suitable for LADIES' CLOAKINGS and MEN'S WRAPS as Melissa.

All genuine Porous Rainproof Cloths are stamped in wax with the Melissa trade mark seal, and Melissa Garments have the above trade mark label attached.

THE MELISSA MANUFACTURING CO, MONTREAL.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon *must* accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or poetic casts are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

GEORGE NO. 1.—I trust you saw your answer long ago. If not, pleas let me know.

J. B. R.—Your letter was answered. I hope you saw the response. Thanks for very kind words. I have had considerable breathing spells since then, and such good times in them!

CRESSY.—This is rather an easy-going and very amiable and likable character with little variety, some love of fun, great benevolence and good will. Discretion is good, sense of duty, sym-pathy, constancy and love o commendation well marked.

ALBERO.—This is rather a cautiful and conservative nature, honest, truthful, and with gentle tastes and manners; good determination, little tact or finesse, much perseverance, excellent constancy and a very slight regard for creature comforts are shown. A little despondency is remarked.

MEDIUM.—It is easy to say good things of you. You are bright and good-tempered, just, and fond of being appreciated, constant, unassuming, pleasant-mannered, but not too self-assertive, fond of all things sweet and beautiful, but not overfond of number one; very consistent and persevering, and doubtless popular.

GOTHAM.—1. This is the writing of a shrewd and rather clever observer, fond of life and life's good things, impatient, but honorable, true and generous; sympathetic, but carefulness and perception might be improved; culture, thought, perseverance and power are shown. 2. You can get a copy of Pepy's diary at the Public Library.

B. N. A. A.—Your writing shows method, care, good judgment, vivacity, brightness of conception, fitted temper and decided originality. You are slightly capricious but delightfully varied in your manner. No stagnation when you are the angel who troubles the waters! Extra caution and plenty of decision are yours. I am really sorry you had such a delay.

FIREFLY.—American hands are changing. Anglomania has much modified them. Yours is such a fine specimen that I grudge saying it is a typical American hand. It shows even temper, generosity, constant and deliberate effort, self-control, taste, hope, some stability and quickness of thought, good judgment, prudence, and a generally well poised and finished character.

M. E. R. R.—A good many of my friends are impatient this week. Your delineation, I hope, was in time to restore your nervous system and to retard the falling out of your hair, you funny creature! As I said to Georgie, if you missed your answer let me know and I'll send another at once Canadians over the lines are just as dear to my graphological affections as those within the Dominion.

FICKE.—You are self-conscious, witty, erratic in your likes and dislikes, fond of motion and variety and of planning, and clever enough to plan well. You know backhand is a graphological deformity and hides many good traits. Your imagination is strong and some ideality graces a very interesting character. You can be reticent, though you prefer to be frank; vivacity, constancy, sympathy and ability are yours.

MAY MAY.—This enclosure shows rather a bright and clever personality, some sharpness of temper, but large and generous views and plenty of character and energy. Weight is capable of self-sacrifice, rather apt to be despondent in time of trial, affectionate and open to good influence. She has good taste and rather refined tastes, good principles, and though not self-assertive is still far from weak. You sent me no address to which to return the study.

REBA—1. I don't know whether you wish one or all of your names used. 2. I am afraid my advice is rather late about the picnic, but if you care to I think it would be a delightful pre ent. Such a large and valuable present is not often given under the circumstances, though many foolish and unlike ones are seen. There could be no happy leap in it, surely. You did not ask for a graphological study, so I suppose you have perhaps received one before.

JEANCOAT.—Your bravy writing shows boundless energy, large imagination, ability and sympathetic feeling. You are fond of motion, bright, and full of enthusiasm, your companionship and doubtless able always to command it by your pleasant traits; a peculiarly level head and perseverance, good, careful work and desire for success, further ornament your buoyant chirography. The American girl could scarcely be so healthful or so interesting as the trans-Atlantic voyage.

FRENCHIE—1. Your charming letter did give me very great pleasure. I am more than glad that you saved the nation from reproach, and I love those Ottawa girls for their goodness and unselfishness. 2. You are amiable and rather fond of fun, generous, somewhat idealistic, very discreet, honest and with fine sense of justice. I don't think you are particularly fond of hard work, you possess much of good and self-reliance firm; culture, self-control and independence are shown.

J. F. M.—I think your study much resembles that of B. N. A. A., lacking the vivacity and variety, and possessing deeper sympathy and a more cultured sense of beauty. I am glad you take amusement out of some of my delineations. They are not sources of unalloyed bliss to me, but nevertheless the work is very fascinating. I don't think your study has contained as much of the one to which I refer you, and I believe some traits, even better than at present shown, will develop.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—In spite of your adjuration to me not to take time and space to answer you, I feel that I must thank you for your letter, which by its appreciation of the delineation I gave you a fortnight ago and which you kindly endorsed that I might compare the two is always gratifying to a graphologist to be assured of the correctness of a delineation. I am quite sure the lady whom you addressed would be better pleased not to read your remarks, therefore I have not forwarded them to her. I hope time (not the monthly book) will work some improvement. I quite often forget my umbrella.

VIVIAN SE. MAURICE.—This is a regular schoolgirl study, too formal for satisfactory delineation. In answer to your questions: 1. Plenty of sleep, bathing in cold water and no tickering with them 2. Bracelets should not be worn at church, nor on the street; some do wear them, but very particular people object to it. 3 A small coil, or a rope twist on top of the head, a Psyche knot and curled at the features are small; if the girl is very youthful locking a braid with curled ends or a braided loop will do. 4 You can use face powder at any drug store, but prefer not! 5. I know nothing about May Agnes Fleming or Mary J. Holmes beyond the fact that they write rubbish.

FRONTY.—You did indeed put the cat among them in you funny little correspondent, and I shouldn't have scolded you, even had you forgotten it. 2. I am afraid the bunnet will be worn out before you get any answer. It is too bad. After this I shall answer any questions as to dress, fashion, or etiquette, as soon as I get them, and let the delineation wait its turn. 3. Your writing is not very good, being rather scrawly, as you say, but it has better traits than some copyprigh hands. It shows impulsive feeling, great sincerity, rather a good opinion of yourself, but not conceit, hope and energy, generous views and some taste for beauty. There is no consciousness, and with care and patience it will make a much better hand than ordinary.

HOPE.—1. This hair is the fault of various weaknesses. The hair should be lightly brushed for a quarter of an hour morning and evening, and if the scalp is not sufficiently lubricated by natural oil, some good oily tonic or wash should be rubbed well in. Too much washing is not good. 2. Your writing is the index of a fine, independent, generous and sympathetic nature, above all petty meanesses and able to take a broad and pleasant view of life. I think you are rather fond of number one, greatly able to enjoy life, energetic, but not nervous, enterprising and not far from markedly clever. Some of your lines are very beautiful, but a slight lack of familiarity and some coarseness show some of them. In fact, I should have been of the opinion you were a man.

PRITTY.—1. You were answered some time ago. Did you not see it? You asked the pronunciation of the name Jean Ingelow, did you not? As you may not have observed your answer, I might set the name in usually called Jean Ingelow—some pronounce the g in Ingelow hard, and I rather incline to that myself, as it seems to come easier. 2. She says "Yes," but I don't always agree with her. 3 It is not correct, but it is allowable, especially in a large family. 4 Backhand is a mannerism and all mannerisms are objectionable. 5. I must only repeat your main characteristics. You are somewhat reserved, not particularly truteful, fond of ease and good things, admirably constant, quick and strong in feeling, rather impatient, persevering in effort, and should be a favorite in society, having much energy and facility.

Ho! Traveler, take BEECHAM'S PILLS with you.

Fall Announcements.

Griggs—Hello, Barlow! how are you and how is Miss Tucker?

Barlow—I don't know. Our engagement is off. She bought me some neckties and I couldn't take the risk.

San Francisco, Cal., U. S. A.—I have been a sufferer from dyspepsia for several years. Diamond Vera-Cura has effectually cured me. Considering it a duty to make known the fact, I take pleasure in forwarding testimonial to the many that you will undoubtedly receive. Diamond Vera-Cura tablets are certainly the most convenient and compact I might say, inviting form of medicine that I have ever known.

Yours appreciatively, E. F. BASSETT.

At druggists or sent on receipt of price, 25 cents. Address E. A. Wilson, Toronto.

Only Thing to be Done.

Mr. Pullitzer enquired of Mr. Cleveland, "Can you sing or pray?"

"No," replied Mr. G. C. with a despairing look at the stormy heavens.

"Very well," said Mr. Pullitzer with great firmness, "we'll take up a collection."

Testing His Honesty.

You druggist is honest if when you ask him for a bottle of Scott's Emulsion he gives you just what you ask for. He knows this is the best form in which to take Cod Liver Oil.

Worse Than the Disease.

"Yes," said the physician, "I will not only cure you, but I will also put your portrait in the papers."

"Then let me die!" exclaimed the unhappy man in a voice of anguish.

For Headache

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. I. R. Sanford, Sheffield, Mass., says: "Most excellent in disarrangements of the nervous system, such as headache and sleeplessness."

Judging by Sound.

"Whwat's thot noise, Mis' Mullaly!"

"Mary Ann's phractisin' the scales."

"Begorrah, she must weigh a ton!"

Two Sage Remarks.

"One half of the world, I tell you, Mawson, do nu't know how the other half lives."

"That may be so, but as for that, neither does the other half."

Straight.

Johnnie (studying geography)—Papa, what's a strait?

Papa—That beats two pair or three of a kind, my son.

THE ARTIST'S FINGERPOST

OIL COLORS—Hoyt's, Winsor & Newton's.
WATER COLORS—Winsor & Newton's, Reeves'.
CANVAS—Reeves', Winsor & Newton's.
BRUSHES—English, German, American.
STRETCHERS—The Finger Patent.
PAPERS—All good makers
PENCILS—Hardmuth's, Faber's, Dixon's.
HARDGOODS—Winsor & Newton's, Fine Foster's.
CHINA COLORS—Lacroix, Gouache, &c.

In fact everything, and at prices always calculated to please, because no one will ever tell you they can buy better elsewhere.

The Art Metropole

121 Yonge St., Toronto (opposite Temperance St.) and 5, 6 and 7 Toronto Arcade
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents: five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

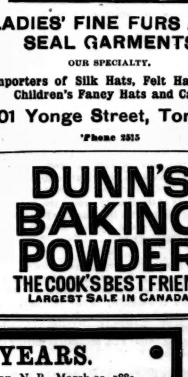
CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

ESTABLISHED 1867

J. & J. LUGSDIN

LEADING HATTERS AND FURRIERS



LADIES' FINE FURS AND SEAL GARMENTS

OUR SPECIALTY.

Importers of Silk Hats, Felt Hats and Children's Fancy Hats and Caps

101 Yonge Street, Toronto

'Phone 2315

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

THIRTY YEARS.

Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889.

"I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used

ST. JACOBS OIL

and it completely cured. I give it all praise."

MRS. WM. RYDER.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

THREE Pozzoni's POINTS

COMPLEXION

POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3.

THREE Fine Book, Portraits. POZZONI'S All Druggists and Fancy Stores. TINTS.

Music.

WHILE I am writing, word comes across the seas that Alfred Tennyson lies dying. A writer on music may be pardoned if he also writes of one whose lyrics have always been musical to the ear, and some of whose writings have afforded opportunity for immortal songs. Wherever the English language is spoken and English songs are sung, Come Into the Garden, Maud, will live, not only for its music but for its exquisite poetry as well. Without the inspiration of the poetry the music would never have suggested itself to Balfe, and the world would have lost one of its sweetest songs. England's tenors are no tenors unless they sing this ballad. Sims Reeves and Edward Lloyd have sung themselves into fame and into the hearts of the people with this song. No less popular is The Brook, whose setting by Dolores has made countless maidens happy in their sweet singing of the words to their purling accompaniment. The Miller's Daughter has formed a prolific subject to countless poets and musicians, yet none have the exquisite elegance and daintiness of Tennyson's words, which breathe tenderest love and admiration. Many settings have been made of these verses, both solo and concerted music, a recent one by Fred. J. Allen having come under my notice only a few days ago. Many others of his lyrics have lent themselves to musical setting, and one prolific aid to musical composition will be missed when Tennyson passes away.

•

In November a new departure will be made in Toronto in the department of cantata singing. Without any permanent organization to keep its members together, and entirely as the outcome of one man's energy and enterprise, a large chorus of seventy selected voices will sing Gaul's Holy City, a beautiful and most interesting work. Mr. A. S. Vogt is spending time and money on this enterprise, and is securing adequate solo talent and an efficient orchestra. The cantata will be sung in Association Hall.

•

I have received a letter from Mr. Herbert L. Clarke, who is now cornet soloist in the Gilmore Band, in which he speaks in eloquent terms of the love and high feeling of respect felt by all the members of that organization for their departed leader. Mr. Gilmore evidently knew how to endear himself to his bandsmen as well as to the public. It is satisfactory to know that this splendid organization will not be dismembered, in spite of Mr. Gilmore's death. It will be continued as the property of his widow, and the engagements entered into for the season will be carried out. The band unanimously chose its new leader, Mr. Charles W. Freudenvoll, a musician of repute and a capable leader, and will play in Toronto later in the season.

•

Miss Mary Jardine-Thomson, who has been some months singing in Mr. Schuch's choirs, both at the Church of the Redeemer and at St. James' Cathedral, has been engaged as leading soprano and soloist at the new Church of the Messiah, on Avenue road, whose choir is under the direction of Mr. Guiseppe Dinelli, who will act as both organist and choirmaster. The new congregation is to be congratulated upon securing such an excellent musician as Mr. Dinelli and so pleasing and artistic a singer as Miss Jardine-Thomson has shown herself to be.

•

I have had word from an old friend and Torontonian, Mr. H. Guest Collins, who is now studying in Berlin, Germany, with very gratifying results. I understand that he is applying himself more especially to composition, and with considerable success. A cañon in G in the octave for four performers on two pianos was played in Charles E. Clemens' orchestral class. Mr. Clemens is organist of St. George's English church at Berlin, and has also produced a full communion service composed by Mr. Collins. Our friend will remain another year in Germany to complete his studies.

•

The Philharmonic Society has chosen Sullivan's Golden Legend and Handel's Acis and Galatea for its subjects this year. They will be sung at its first concert this season, and will also be this Society's contribution to the music of the World's Fair, when it goes to Chicago. The officers of the Society report the most satisfactory filling of its lists for the year's work, stimulated, no doubt, by the anticipation of the great Chicago trip.

•

I have received a very pleasing waltz, composed by a young Torontonian, Miss Victoria Mason. It is entitled the Government House Waltz, and is dedicated to the fair lady who presides over that mansion. It is very suitable for drawing-room purposes and is also to be played by the bands and orchestras during the current season.

•

Mr. Arthur E Fisher has received a cable gram from Messrs. Curwen & Sons, London, Eng., accepting the score of his Wreck of the Hesperus, publication of which will be commenced forthwith.

•

Tuesday evening next will bring us the first great concert, when Messrs. Suckling will introduce to us Herr Xaver Scharwenka. Every piano student knows this gentleman's name and should go to hear him play some of his own compositions. Every vocal student should go to hear Miss Emma Juch, whose singing is as good as a term of vocal tuition to advanced students. She goes to England soon, where she expects to remain for three years, and this last opportunity to hear one, for whom I predict recognition as one of the world's greatest singers, is too valuable to be idly missed. The Princess Dolgorauky comes highly recommended as a violinist, and adds much to the attractiveness of Tuesday's programme. The remaining attraction is Signor Delasco, whose fine singing at St. James' Cathedral a few Sundays ago won much praise and admiration.

•

On Thursday evening next there will be a Harvest Festival at St. James' Cathedral, when the new choir will render appropriate music under the direction of Mr. E. W. Schuch.

METRONOME.

•

The season now upon us, if reports of several musical enterprises under way be correct, promises to be of unusual interest, so varied and attractive are the treats in store for us. The highly commendable entertainment of a local firm of *impressarios* in arranging for such artistic events as the Scharwenka-Juch concert, and the orchestral concerts under Nikisch, Seidl and Damrosch, deserve the warmest encouragement of all music-loving Torontonians. Add to these the two appearances in November of the magnificent Gilmore's military band, and we have an array of visiting talent such as the city has never before witnessed during one season.

•

The engagement of the three representative Eastern orchestras will be of especial interest. While there may not be much to choose between them, so far as their material goes, it will be an interesting study to notice the extent to which the individuality of a conductor can be stamped upon the men under his control. In Nikisch we have the embodiment of elegance, accompanied by a precision and breadth of style which have made his band a model of its kind, in many respects equaling the best in the world. Seidl, though not lacking in the finer qualities so necessary in a conductor, is chiefly characterized by a nobility and grandeur of style so well fitted to a proper conception of Wagner and Beethoven. The recent historic rendition of the immortal Ninth Symphony under his baton in New York, has been declared by critics one of the most remarkable and impressive performances ever given of this great work by any orchestra. Walter Damrosch owes his fame principally to social influence and the reflected glory of his honored father's name. Although possessed of undoubted ability, there are men of greater talent in New York who sigh in vain for his opportunities. Being the fortunate conductor of a splendid body of musicians who could hardly play otherwise than well under any circumstances, there still exists a lack of individuality in their work, which is frequently the chief charm of an orchestra. But this is a detail. Each orchestra possesses its specially strong features and each should be heard.

•

There has been considerable gush among the musicians of New York and Boston as to chances of representation at Chicago's World's Fair, by eastern conductors and organizations. The adverse criticism which has been fired off at Theodore Thomas's in this connection, appears to have been somewhat premature. A selection of societies, etc., has now been made, and invitations have been issued accordingly, not always, it is claimed, because of real musical merit in the invited bodies, but frequently and it seems to me justly in many respects, because of what a society may represent in the musical history of any particular section of country.

•

Invitations have been extended to the Boston Symphony and the New York Philharmonic orchestras, under Nikisch and Seidl respectively. Mr. Walter Damrosch has also been invited as conductor of the New York Oratorio Society, but his splendid orchestra, not being representative in a historical sense, will not be invited. I have not heard yet whether any Canadian societies other than our own Philharmonic will attend the Exposition. Every patriotic Canadian will hope that the Toronto representation will be sent to the front as well equipped for thorough work as it is possible to make it. Care should, and no doubt will, be taken in the selection of voices in building up the choruses. This will, I venture to say, be the policy of most visiting societies, for to cheer work Chicago, in the Apollo Club, has long been accustomed to the best in the land, and quality of work will likely be the gauge of the character of reception tendered invited bodies of singers. Toronto possesses as effective choral material as any northern city, and while it is an easy matter to offer suggestions as to what might or should be done, I hope that the best we have will be available to represent the Philharmonic when it takes its turn among the other societies of the country in 1893.

•

The work chosen by the Philharmonic Society as its contribution to the music of the World's Fair, is an especially grateful one. In the Golden Legend, Sullivan is at his best throughout, whether in beauty of orchestration or dignity and grace of melody. In this last respect it seems to me that Sullivan is unsurpassable. His thorough knowledge of vocal effects and how best to score for the voice has enabled him to invest the simplest of his choral efforts with a charm rarely met with in the works of other living composers. How beautiful yet how simple in form is the delightfully conceived O Gladsome Light, in the Legend. The entire cantata abounds in examples of the composer's skill, and its presentation by the Philharmonic at Chicago should be one of the features of the choral work to be heard there.

MODERATO.

•

Mr. Warrington, our well known baritone vocalist, who has been before the Toronto public for upwards of twenty years, has evidently been dealt gently with by the passing years, presumably owing to his good method of voice protection, that of the Italian school. Mr. Warrington has been very successful as a vocal teacher, having taught many of our public vocalists. He is also choirmaster of Sherbourne street Methodist church, which choir is a standing monument of his tact and ability as a chorus trainer, as it is one of the best in the Dominion. Mr. Warrington will give instruction in voice culture and expression in singing at his residence, 214 Carlton street.

By no Means

"Dear me, Uncle Ephraim!" she exclaimed as she met the old gentleman in the hallway. "you don't know how surprised I am to see you. Did you travel all the way from Vermont alone?"

"Naw," he replied, deeply offended at the question, as he put his carpet-bag down. "There were forty or fifty people on the same train."

A Real Civil Service Reformer.

Dickerson—I don't go much on the campaign cry of "turn the rascals out."

Nickerson—Why not?

Dickerson—If the truth were known, I suppose I am as good as engaged to a Connecticut post-mistress.

INCORPORATED 1886 TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC HON. G. W. ALLAN PRESIDENT

Artists and Teachers' Graduating Courses
University affiliation for Degrees in Music. Scholarships, Diplomas, Certificates, Medals, etc.
Free instruction in Theory, Sight Singing, Violin, Orchestra and Ensemble playing. The Conservatory Recitals develop musical talent and are alone invaluable's educational advantages. Teaching staff increased to 56. New music hall and class rooms lately added, also electric lighting, steam heating, etc. Facilities for general musical education unsurpassed.

SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION
E. N. Shaw, B.A. - Principal
Large, efficient staff. Best methods for development of Vocal, Vocal and Pantomimic Expression. Delsarte and Swedish Gymnastics. Special course in Physical Culture, developing muscles which strengthen voice, also course in Literature. One and two year courses with Diploma.
Conservatory and Elocution Calendar mailed free.
EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director
Corner Yonge Street and Wilton Avenue.

ARTHUR E. FISHER
Mus. Bac. Trin. Coll., Toronto
A.C.O (Eng.) and A.T.C.L. (Eng.)
Principal of the Theoretical Department
At the Toronto Conservatory of Music.
PRIVATE TUITION IN
University Mus. Bac Examination Work, Composition, Pianoforte and Organ
RESIDENCE—91 St. Joseph Street, Toronto.

MISS MCCARROLL, Teacher of Harmony
AT THE
TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
(Formerly principal resident piano teacher at the Bishop Strachan School, Toronto.)
Will be prepared to receive pupils in Harmony and Piano Playing on and after September 5, at her residence
14 St. Joseph Street, Toronto.
Pupils of Ladies' Colleges taught at reduction in terms.

J. HARTLEY DENNISON, Primo Tenore
Solo Tenor at Erskine Church
Church, Oratorio, Concert and Opera
132 Crawford Street

ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC 56 HOMEWOOD AVE. TORONTO, ONT.
ESTABLISHED 1884
CHAS. FARRINGER - - Principal
To insure first-class work from the lowest to the highest grade of music, the pupils of our primary department receive daily instruction, or, in other words, practice under constant supervision of an experienced teacher. From the primary department they are transferred to the care of a teacher, born and educated in Germany, who has had over thirty years' experience as a teacher of music in boarding schools for young ladies in this country.
At the close of our last term we had the pleasure of granting first certificates to four of our pupils
FORM OF OUR CERTIFICATES.
This is to certify that M..... has been publicly examined and given satisfaction in the performance of pieces, selected by a disinterested committee, from selections named on margin hereof, etc.
The margin contains a list of 100 pieces (about 1000 pages), and among the prominent names of the composers we find: Mendelssohn, Mozart, Beethoven, Heller, Schumann, Rubinstein, Chopin, etc. A certificate of this kind is, therefore, not only desirable in Toronto and vicinity, but will speak for itself in any part of the world where the study of music is cultivated.
Young ladies from the country can be accommodated with rooms, board and use of pianos at the school.
CHAS. FARRINGER, Principal.
Telephone 3921. 56 Homewood Ave.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC
ARTISTS and TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES DIPLOMAS (LIMITED)
Send for calendar. College reopens September 5.
F. H. TORRINGTON, Mus. Director.

FREDERICK BOSCOVITZ
STUDIO (For Piano Lessons Only)
15 KING STREET EAST
(Messrs. Nordheimer)

SIGNOR RUBINI, late Principal Professor of Singing at the London Academy, London, Eng., gives lessons in the pures of Italian method and completes students for the Operatic Stage, Oratorio and Concert Hall. Amongst those who have had instruction from him in former years in England and France, and who have obtained the highest degree of celebrity in the operatic stage, are: Madame Sadiri, Lucca, Volpini, Marimon, Valleria and Signor Cotogni, Agnesi, Gardoni, Mass, Diaz de Soria and many others too numerous to mention. Marked improvement observed after a few lessons. 83 Church St., Toronto.

MISS NORMA REYNOLDS
SOPRANO SOLOIST
Graduate Toronto College of Music and Undergraduate of Trinity University, Connsl. Oratorio, Concert, Pupils received. Miss Reynolds is the only certificated pupil teacher of W. Elliott Haslam, under whom she has taught for three years, and from whom she has received the highest testimonials. Address—
Toronto College of Music and 86 Major St.

HELEN M. MOORE, Mus. Bac.
Harmony, Counterpoint, Etc.
Students prepared for the University examinations in Music. Toronto College of Music and 608 Church Street.

MR. J. D. A. TRIPP
Concert Pianist and Teacher of Piano
Only Canadian pupil of Moszkowski, Berlin, Germany, formerly pupil of Edward Fisher. Open for engagements. Toronto Conservatory of Music and 20 Scatten Street, Toronto

MR. HARRY M. FIELD, PIANO VIRTUOSO, has returned from a two year's residence in Germany, where he has been studying with Professor Krause, the greatest and most famous teacher in Europe. Mr. Field also studied from '84 to '88 with Dr. Prof. Carl Reinecke in Leipzig and had the rare advantage of a course with Dr. Hans Von Bulow, in Frankfort in '87. Concert engagements and pupils accepted. For terms apply at Toronto College of Music and 105 Gloucester street.

B. L. FAEDER, Orchestral Director, Academy of Music, violin soloist and teacher. Franco-Belgium method. Studio 577 Sherbourne st. Telephone 965. Open for concert engagements.

MR. E. W. SCHUCH
Conductor Toronto Vocal Society.
Choirmaster St. James' Cathedral
Conductor University Glee Club.
Conductor Harmony Club.
Instruction in Voice Culture and Expression in Singing.
35 Grenville Street

MR. H. W. WEBSTER, Concert Baritone,
(Late of Westminster Abbey, London.)
Receives Pupils for Singing.
Toronto College of Music, or 428 Church Street.

DR. MCLAUGHLIN, DENTIST,
Cor. College and Yonge Streets.
Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth

C. H. RIGGS, the Popular Dentist
Cor. King and Yonge Streets
And his staff of assistants make a specialty of gold and silver filing and root crowning. No teeth too far gone for him to save. Give him a call and see what a difference a few nice fillings will make in your health and personal appearance. Ring up Telephone 1476 and make an appointment with him.

STAMMERING
CHURCH'S AUTO-VOICE SCHOOL. No advance fees. 2 Wilton Crescent, Toronto.

MISS WASHINGTON
Lately returned from Europe, where she has been a pupil of the eminent English elocutionists, Mr. Barridge, is open to accept engagements for
PUBLIC OR PRIVATE RECITALS
Shakespeare or Miscellaneous.
For terms and dates address—
MISS FLORENCE WASHINGTON
78 McCaul Street, Toronto.
PRESS NOTICES
"Possessed of an excellent and well-cultured voice and exceptional ability, together with a good stage presence, Miss Washington could not have failed to take with a London audience."—*London (Ont.) Sunday Sun.*
"Miss Florence Washington, a talented Canadian reader, charmed the audience by her dramatic rendering of the scenes scene from Leah the Forsaken, and the humor displayed in her second selection, After the Ball."—*Hamilton Hamilton Spectator.*

MISS LAURA M. MACGILLIVRAY
Dramatic Reader and Reciter
Miss MacGillivray will accept engagements for Church, Club or Parlor Entertainments. Address—
MR. FRED ROPER,
Quebec Bank Chambers, 2 Toronto St., Toronto.

MARGUERITE A. BAKER
Graduate of the Boston School of Oratory
Teacher of Delsarte System of Expression, Dramatic Art and Physical Culture
Special Voice Work, Elocution Classes, &c. Open for reading engagements. Ladies' College, Hamilton
Tuesdays and Fridays, 12 o'clock, Delsarte College of Oratory, Toronto

DELSARTE COLLEGE OF ORATORY
ELOCUTION AND DRAMATIC ART
Large staff of specialists. Most advanced methods in vocal and visible expression. Fall Term Begins Oct. 4, '93. For Boys Art Catalogue address the president,
FRANCIS J. BROWN, Y. M. C. A. Building, Toronto.

MISS MARGUERITE DUNN, B.E.
Graduate of the National School of Elocution and Oratory, Philadelphia.
Teacher of Elocution and Voice Culture and Delsarte Physical Culture
Open for concert engagements and evenings of readings.
369 Wilton Ave. Toronto College Street

MR. A. S. VOGT
Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis Street Baptist Church
Teacher of the Pianoforte and Organ
Residence, 605 Church Street, Toronto

THE MISSES ROWLAND, Violinists
(Graduates of the Boston Conservatory)
Have resumed teaching at their residence, 733 Ontario St.

MR. F. WARRINGTON
BARITONE
Choirmaster Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Toronto, will resume Voice Culture, Expression in Singing and Piano at his residence, 214 Carlton Street, Toronto.
OPEN FOR CONCERT ENGAGEMENTS

MISS LOUISE SAUERMANN,
Instructor in Voice Culture and Piano.
Pupil of Prof. Julius Von Bernuth and Dr. Hugo Riemann, Hamburg, Germany. 117 Maitland Street.

J. W. L. FORSTER
Portraits a Specialty
STUDIO 81 KING ST. EAST ARTIST

MISS CLAIRE BERTHON, Portrait Painter, is prepared to receive a limited number of pupils in painting and drawing. Terms on application.
Studio, 591 Sherbourne Street

MANDOLIN LESSONS—By Lady Professor from Italy. Highest references from London, Eng., and New York. Terms, &c., address MRS. H. W. WEBSTER, Toronto College of Music or 428 Church St.

LLOYD N. WATKINS
809 Church Street
Thorough instruction on Banjo Guitar, Mandolin and Zither.

BERT KENNEDY
Teacher of Bandola and Saxophone (A. & S. Nordheimer sole agents) Toronto College of Music. Private instruction given in Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin at residence, 334 Jarvis Street. Call in mornings.

TORONTO SCHOOL OF LANDSCAPE
AND DECORATIVE PAINTING.
668 Church Street (corner of Isabella)
Painting from Nature, from Still Life, from Copies. Regular course for those who wish it. Classes on Tuesday, and Friday mornings, Tuesday and Saturday afternoons

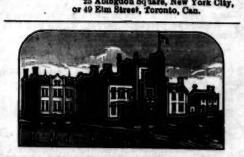
TORONTO COLLEGE OF EXPRESSION
EIGHT PROMINENT SPECIALISTS
Our specialists in DELSARTE, Gesture and Esthetic Physical Culture has received seven years of training from eminent teachers in America. *Fall term begins October 17.* One, two and three year's courses. Calendar sent.
PRINCIPAL MOUNTEER,
Arcade, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Sts. Toronto, Can.

J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church.
Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.
ORGAN AND PIANO
94 Gloucester Street

W. O. FORSYTH
Lessons in Piano Playing and Theory
Studied in Leipzig and Vienna under Dr. S. Jadassohn, Martin Krause and Prof Julius Epstein.
Modern methods.
112 College Street, Toronto

WALTER DONVILLE
TEACHER OF VIOLIN
Pupil of Prof. Carrodus, Trinity College, London, Eng.
8 Buchanan St., and Toronto College of Music

GRENVILLE P. KLEISER
The Distinguished Elocutionist
In "THE MAN WHO HAD HIS LEG SHOT OFF" and other popular Humorous, Dramatic and Pathetic—may now be engaged for entire evenings of readings or for part programmes. For circular, terms, etc., address—
26 Abingdon Square, New York City,
or 49 Elm Street, Toronto, Can.



ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE
WHITBY, ONT.
Doing the most advanced work of any Ladies' College in Canada. Charming location. Buildings. Rates moderate. Apply for information to
PRINCIPAL HARE, Ph.D.

NEW MUSIC
VOCAL
Dashing Highland Guards. Comic song, by Fax and Rohner ..... 40c.
Rolling Home to Merrie England. Sea song and chorus, by Kilburn 35c
Guide Me, Keep Me, Sacred song, by Sim Fax ..... 40c.
INSTRUMENTAL
Tar and Tarter Waltzes. Arranged by Faust ..... 50c.
Shist dance Marjorie. By Gray ..... 25c.
March Procession. By Scott ..... 40c.
Anita Valse Espagnols. By Rasho ..... 60c.
Lacrosse Jersey. By Smith ..... 40c.
Victoria. New Quadrille (with instructions by Earle) Music by Rohner ..... 40c.
Oxford. New dance, by Behr ..... 35c.
Ask your dealer for them or order direct from the publishers.
WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.
158 Yonge Street, Toronto

SHAKESPEARE SAID:
"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," but how much more uneasy are the people who are content to walk about in bad-fitting Boots and Shoes. One visit to our establishment is the remedy (and the only one) therefor. Do not delay, as the foot is so delicate in its construction that one pair of those ill-formed and badly cut boots you have been unfortunate enough to secure may ruin your "understanding."
Note the address—
BLACKFORD
H. & C. BLACKFORD, 37 and 39 King St. East

PICKLES' WALKENPHAST BOOTS FOR FALL WEAR this week at

PICKLES SHOE PARLOR, 328 YONGE STREET

GET YOUR HATS BLOCKED AT
H. & W. WATSON'S
11 Adelaide Street West

BALD HEADS
We warrant Capilline to produce the growth of hair and remove dandruff. No mineral poisons.
Love's Drug Store, 166 Yonge Street

GOLDEN HEALTH PELLET
Specific in Sick Headaches, Dyspepsia, Constipation Liver and Pile troubles and Menstrual difficulties. Worth a guinea a box. Price 25c. 5 boxes for $1. Send for pamphlet to
THOMPSON'S HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY
394 Yonge Street, Toronto

CENTRAL Business College
TORONTO and STRATFORD
The Toronto School is the largest and best equipped business college in Canada. The Stratford College has an excellent reputation in Western Ontario for thorough work. Every interested person is earnestly invited to visit these institutions and examine the complete facilities. Such inspection will cause the visitor to place a higher estimate on business education and to take a deeper interest in superior work. The course of study in each institution is of unusual thoroughness, yet strictly practical. Business practice will be extensively carried on between the students in the two schools.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
Students admitted daily. Handsome catalogues free.
Location of Toronto school, SHAW & ELLIOTT
Cor Yonge and Gerrard. Principals

ARCADE, YONGE ST., TORONTO.
SEND for Circular
British American Business College
WILL RE-OPEN SEP. 1
C. O'DEA Secy.

STAMPS WANTED
Wanted, obsolete Canadian Postage Stamps, also Canadian Provincial Stamps, such as Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, British Columbia, as well as Newfoundland, &c.
Look up your old letters; many of these are worth $2 and $3 each.
A collection of Old Postage Stamps wanted, for which a good price will be paid.
GEO. A. LOWE
348 Spadina Ave., Toronto

MADAME IRELAND'S
Herbal Toilet Soap
The *Canadian Pharmaceutical Journal* of December 1 says: "Madame Ireland's soap, which is now being introduced in Canada, possesses all the qualities of a perfect non-irritating detergent. It possesses special medicinal properties which render it very useful in some cutaneous affections. It is offered exclusively through the drug trade.

REMOVAL - -
ELDRIDGE STANTON
Has removed his Photographic Studio to
11 King Street West

KINDLING WOOD FOR SALE
Thoroughly dry and delivered to any part of the city or any part of your premises at the following prices (pay when delivered), viz: 6 cords for $4; 12 cords, $8; 20 cords, $5. A cord holds as much as a barrel. Send a post card to HARVIE & CO., 20 Sheppard East, or go to your nearest Grocer or Druggist and telephone 1570.

THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT
6 and 8 Jordan Street
This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALES cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1090. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

secretary, Mr. W. Buckingham and Mr. H. Ferguson; treasurer, Mr. James W. Mallon, Mr. Cashman and Mr. H. Pope; committee, Mr. Harry Martin, Mr. Barker, Mr. W. E. Woodruff, Mr. D'Arcy Hinds, Mr. H. Ferguson. Mr. Ludwig retired from the presidency, leaving Messrs. Scott and Grant to fight it out. Mr. Mallon also declined to run for treasurership. Before adjourning Mr. W. T. J. Lee in a short and sympathetic speech referred to the sad accident which had befallen a fellow student, Mr. Blackley, by an accident on a trolley car, and moved, seconded by Mr. Harper Armstrong, an address of condolence to Mr. Blackley's relatives.

•

Mrs. Jack King left for New York last Saturday.

•

Mrs. A. T. Struthers has taken up her residence at 129 Bloor street east. She received her friends on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

•

Miss Bessie Bonsall has gone to New York to pursue her musical education. She sang most beautifully at the Broadway Tabernacle here last Sunday evening.

•

Mr. Albert Nordheimer gave a delightful dinner on Friday, September 30, in honor of Capt. and Lady Jane Vankoughnet.

•

Miss Goodall of Galt is visiting at Dr. Trotter's, 21 Bloor street west.

•

Rev. Arthur Baldwin will reside for the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Fleming of Pembroke street.

•

Miss Jessica Terwilliger, one of the most cultured and thoroughly charming elocutionists in Boston, will recite Diamond Cut Diamond at the joint recital to be given by herself and Prof. Mounteer in Association Hall on Tuesday evening, October 18. The Boston *Budget* says: "Miss Terwilliger recited Diamond Cut Diamond in a style which brought many compliments for her faultless delivery and finished rendering." Prof. Mounteer will recite The Raven and Mr. F. Warrington will contribute several songs.

•

Mr. and Mrs. A. Robert Walker returned this week. Mrs. Walker will receive at Surrey Villa, 2 Surrey place, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

•

Professor Bela Krecsy, of the Kecskemet High Schools of Hungary, is visiting in Toronto. He was an interested spectator at the distribution of prizes at Upper Canada College.

•

Miss L. P. Campbell of Beverley street has returned from a ten weeks' trip. She has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Macdonald, in Colorado.

•

Mr. R. L. Cowan of the Bank of Commerce left on Wednesday to take a position in the office of that bank in New York. Mr. Cowan was presented with a dressing-case and a pair of gold cuff links by the members of the Toronto staff on Monday afternoon. He will be missed both in social and sporting circles by his many Toronto friends.

•

The president and officers of St. George's Society issued cards for the opening of St. George's Hall last Thursday evening, full particulars of which and notes on the coming Olde English Fayre will be given next week.

•

The Toronto Ladies' Cricket Club played a match at Guelph last week with the ladies'

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

?

Are You Interested in Wedding Presents

If so, we can render you substantial aid. We make them a special feature of our business.

If you think of anything in the **DIAMOND** line—we carry the largest stock of set and unset stones in the city—we buy them right—buy them in person from the cutters in Amsterdam—and you know "goo's well bought are half sold."

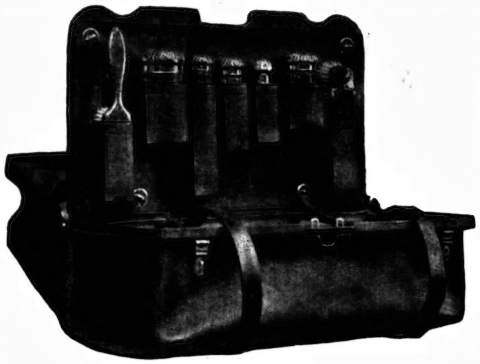
WATCHES in elegantly ieweled cases.

STERLING SILVER toilet and table articles in great profusion.

ROYAL WORCESTER, CROWN DERBY and **DOULTON** bric-a-brac.

We are making your buying easy. All goods marked in plain figures and strictly one price. Correspondence solicited.

Ryrie Bros.
Jewelers
Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.



A Fashionable Toilet Bag.

In a Gladstone Bag the Toilet Case is on the back of the divisions and occupys very little room. It is also arranged so that it may be removed when not required, or can be stood on the dressing table. Fittings are made of cut glass, with mountings of nickel, sterling silver, gold and aluminum, the latter metal being now largely used owing to its extreme lightness. These Bags are made in sizes from sixteen to twenty-four inch, and price runs from twelve dollars to almost any figure desired. H. E. Clarke & Co. carry a very large assortment of these goods at their handsome store, 105 King street west.

Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House POPULAR WITH THE PEOPLE

A GREAT BIG WEEK

Monday, October 10

Matinees Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday

The Sweetest Singer on the Dramatic Stage

Charles T. Ellis

IN HIS GREAT NEW YORK SUCCESS

Count Casper

Presented in the same elaborate manner that characterized its long run in New York City.

Original New York Company Scenery

HEAR ELLIS SING HIS NEW SONGS

Next Attraction - CRUISKEEN LAWN

Academy of Music

ONE WEEK

Commencing Monday, Oct. 10

Wednesday and Saturday Matinees

The Players' Stock Co.

WITH THE YOUNG ROMANTIC ACTOR

Mr. Edward Vroom

Monday and Wednesday Evenings and Saturday Matinee

Don Cæsar De Bazan

Tuesday Evening, Wednesday Matinee and Saturday Evening

A Regular Fix

AND

The Taming of the Shrew

Thursday and Friday Evenings

Ruy Blas

PAVILION, OCT. 12, 13, 14, 15

POPULAR CONCERTS

The Celebrated Prima Soprano, MADAME SISSIERETTA JONES, known as

THE BLACK - PATTI -

THE PRINCESS And Her Highness DOLGOROUKY

Violinists, by appointment, to Her Majesty the Czarina of Russia, supported by other artists.

Reserved seats, 50c. and 75c.; first two rows in gallery, 25c. extra. Plan open at Messrs. I. Suckling & Sons' Music Warerooms on Friday morning.

GRAND CONCERT

Messrs. I. Suckling & Sons' First Subscribers' Concert of this Season.

Miss Emma Juch

Prima Donna Soprano

HERR XAVER

SCHARWENKA

The Renowned Pianist, Conductor and Composer, AND OTHERS, in the

PAVILION, TUESDAY, OCT. 18

SCALE OF PRICES:

Class A.....	$1 50	1st and 2nd rows gallery.....	$2 00
Class B.....	1 00	3rd row gallery.....	1 50
Class C.....	75	4th row gallery.....	1 00

Subscription list now open at Messrs. I. Suckling & Sons' Music Warerooms. Subscribers have first choice of seats in order of subscription. Knabe Piano used.

MISSES E. & H JOHNSTON

Have now a full assortment of new Fall Goods. Original and Bewitching Toilettes, comprising

GOWNS, MANTLES, COATS AND MILLINERY

Can now be procured at

E. & H. JOHNSTON'S, 122 King Street West

A Free Subject.

Baggs (to recent settler)—What political party do you belong to, my friend?

O'Toole—Belong to, is it! Phat's the objec' of belongin' to ayther wan? Ye can't sell when they owns you.

A GRAND JOINT RECITAL

IN Association Hall, on Tuesday, October 18

BY MISS JESSICA TERWILLIGER, of Boston and A. C. MOUNTEER, B. E. Principal Toronto Colleges of Expression

F. WARRINGTON and others will furnish music. Subscription lists at Nordheimer's, and Reimer's, Queen St. Plan open to subscribers on Wednesday morning next; to others on Thursday.

MONSARRAT HOUSE

1 Classic Ave., Toronto

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies

MISS VENNOR, Principal

(Late Trebovir House, London, Eng.)

A thorough course of instruction will be given in English, Mathematics and Modern Languages. Pupils prepared for University examinations. Classes in Swedish Carving will also be held twice a week.

For terms and prospectus apply to Principal.

Central Ontario School of Art and Design

Classes Open Monday, October 3

Afternoon, 2 to 4; evening, 7 30 to 9 30. For information apply to GEO. C. DOWNES' Art Gallery, 173 King Street West, or to W. REVELL, Hon. Secretary.

MISS BELL-SMITH, Elocutionist

Late pupil of E. Dunning Banks, the well known New York author and reader. Open for Concert engagements. Specialties—Bird Tones and Musical Selections.

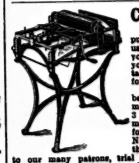
96 McDonl Street

MISS DENZIL

Pupil of the late Mdme. Sainton-Dolby.

SINGING AND VOICE CULTURE

Address— 416 Sherbourne Street



C. S FIEROE'S

STEAM PLEASER

puts on lastings all ready for use. PINKING—Pinking for your petticoat, pinking for your jacket, pinking for your tablespread. Pinking—don't forget it—2 King East.

TOILET GOODS—All the best in French and American markets to be had at Fieroe's, 2 King East. Yes, almond meal is good. I have sold it for the last fifteen years. Next week we will introduce the far-famed Derma-Royale to our many patrons, trial free, at No. 2 King East. Fieroe's, with the $500 reward to do all they claim for it, and a $500 reward to anyone injured in the slightest manner by it. When Time, who steals our years away, shall steal our beauty, too, Derma-Royale will prove our stay and still our youth renew. Derma-Royale obtained only from C. S FIEROE, 2 King Street East, Temple of Beauty, Toronto.

Bingham Prints Invitations

For Weddings, Parties, Etc.

Good

38 Adelaide St. West

Toronto

LABATT'S LONDON ALE AND STOUT.

For Dietetic and Medicinal Use, the most wholesome tonics and beverages available.

Eight Medals and Ten Diplomas at the World's Great Exhibitions

JOHN LABATT

London, Ont.

GOLD MEDAL JAS. GOOD & CO., Agents, Toronto JAMAICA 1891

SEND FOR ESTIMATES FOR ANY CLASS OF

CATERING AND CONFECTIONERY

DINNERS BANQUETS

WEBB'S

WEDDING SUPPLIES

ESTABLISHMENT 447 YONGE ST TORONTO ONT.

ENTERTAINMENTS

WEDDING CAKES

Of the best quality and finish SHIPPED with care to ALL PARTS OF THE DOMINION.

Choice sets of Silver Cutlery and China for hire.

HARRY WEBB, 447 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

FUR SEASON 1892-93

We beg to inform our many PATRONS that our stock is complete in every detail.

We make a specialty of Ladies' Seal Skin Sacques and Coats, which are all cut by practical pattern makers. Ladies ordering garments from us may depend upon a perfect fit and skins of the very best quality.

G. R. Renfrew & Co.

FURRIERS TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

71 and 73 King Street East, Toronto

35 and 37 Buade Street, Quebec

Don't Fail

TO PUT THE

PARISIAN STEAM LAUNDRY

On Your List—"Island" or City

Works, 67 to 71 Adelaide Street West

Branch Office, 93 Yonge Street 'Phone 1127

MDCCCXCII.

Our complete and unrivaled stock of clothes for Fall and Winter is now ready for the inspection of our customers and the public generally.

We will be pleased to put aside any choice pattern selected before the line is broken.

HENRY A. TAYLOR

No. 1 Rossin House Block

Toronto, Ont.

AMERICAN FAIR

191 and 334 Yonge St.

TORONTO

In our August Clearing Sale all goods are marked to capture those who buy a good thing when they see it.

Webster's Great Dictionary, $1.25. Well bound books, all good authors, 10c.; best cloth bound, 19c. Paper cover books, all good authors, 7c, regular price 25c. Dore's Bible Gallery and other works, 50c. These last are Cassel's best edition.

Shawl straps in great variety, 10c., reduced from 25c. We will close a large consignment of beautiful Albums at less than cost of importation, and not one-half of usual cost. See them.

Boys' Safety Bicycles, $5, were $13, and with rubber tire $8, were $15. Boys' High Wheel, $3 50, were $7.50. Baby Carriages, $5 50, were $10. Hammocks, 50 per cent. of real value.

Handsome Croquet Sets, 64c., worth $1.25; Toilet Paper, full 1000 sheet package, 9c.; Rolls, 10c.

An immense Display of Agate Ironware Teapots, 50c., worth $1.25; Preserving Kettles at half price; best Crown and Gem Preserving Jars, pints, 88c.; quarts, 98c.; 2 quarts, $1.24.

Closing out a lot of beautiful Window Blinds, complete, 40c., worth $1.25. Furnes, new designs and best French goods, at less than half usual price.

Store closes at 6.30 p.m., except Saturday evening, open until 10.30 p.m. Come and see.

W. H. BENTLEY

CLEARING SALE

During the months of July and August **MISS HOLLAND** will be prepared to offer the balance of her **Fine Millinery Stock,** together with Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, &c., at an undercost for **cash.**

MISS DUFFY'S Mantles, Wraps, Jackets, &c., are also reduced to half price, and ladies desiring travelling or boating **garments** should take **this opportunity** of replenishing their wardrobe at low cost.

112 Yonge Street, West Side

Two Doors South of Adelaide

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

World's Fair, Chicago

Dedicatory Services, Oct. 21

Will sell Round Tickets from Toronto to

Chicago and Return

FOR

Single Fare and One-third

Tickets are good going Oct. 19, 20, 21, 22. Returning until Oct 23

TORONTO TICKET OFFICE

1 KING ST. EAST.

COR. YONGE STREET.

"Let never maiden think, however fair,
She is not fairer in new clothes than old."
—TENNYSON.

The fair maiden will find our stock of NEW CLOTHES in the Mantle Department, without exception, the best in the city.

$85,000 WORTH OF MANTLES

TO SELECT FROM

WE INVITE INSPECTION

R. WALKER & SONS

King Street East, Toronto

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

club of that city, who were inconsiderate enough to give them a beating. The ladies returned home delighted with their visit to the Royal City, where they were right royally entertained. They made the trip in a special coach and were accompanied by a number of lady friends.

Mr. Ernest Vankoughnet, who left Liverpool on September 22, by the steamer Parisian, has returned home after a visit of nearly five months in Europe.

The wedding of Dr. F. Percival Cowan and Miss J. Alex. Michie interested a brilliant gathering of society people at St. Andrew's church last Tuesday afternoon. The fair bride, gowned in an English bridal robe of brocaded satin and point lace, and veiled in filmy tulle, looked charming as, preceded by her quartette of bridesmaids, and escorted by her brother, Mr. George S. Michie, she advanced to the altar, where the bridegroom and his best man, Mr. Leonard McMurray, awaited her. She carried a lovely bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaids, her three sisters, the Misses Sophie, Annie and Effie Michie and Miss Grace Cowan, wore imported dresses of white China silk, two being trimmed with heliotrope and two with nile green. The gentlemen who completed the bridal party were Mr. John F. Michie, Dr. Pepler and Mr. Harry Champ; ushers, Mr. R. Cowan and Mr. Charles Michie. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, and Mr. Paillips rendered some beautiful bridal music on the organ. Mr. George S. Michie gave the bride away. After the service the bride and groom held a reception at the home of Mrs. Michie, 42 Wellington place, where a large number of the *elite* offered their congratulations. Among those present I remarked: Mrs. John Michie of Stratford, Mrs. J. Michie of London, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. H. Brock, Mrs. A. Morrison, Mr. and Miss Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. R. Gilmore, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Powell, Miss Powell, the Misses Douglas, Dr. J. Patterson of Buffalo, Dr. W. H. Merritt of St. Catharines, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Champ, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Street, the Misses Street, Dr. G. A. Bingham, Dr. J. A. Davidson, Mr. Stuart Morrison, Dr. and Mrs. Fraser of Stratford, Mr. and Mrs. C. Mitchell, Dr. Weir, Mr. Frank and Miss Kay, Dr. and Miss Clark, Miss Leslie, Mr. and Mrs. R. Myles, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, the Misses Clark, Mrs. Jacques, Major and Mrs. H. A. Gray, Dr. and Mrs. Ardagh of Orillia, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Michie of Fergus, Mr. and Mrs. F. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Armour, Mrs. Neville, Rev. A. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Kay, Col. and Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Massey, Dr. and Miss Riordan, Major Harrison, Dr. and Mrs. Stuart of Newmarket, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Temple, Mr. S. Griffin, Miss Michie, Miss Skeaff, Dr. Snodgrass, Mr. W. Hendrie, jr., Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. E. Smith of New Brunswick, and a host of others from the city and elsewhere. Dr. and Mrs. Cowan will reside on John street.

Coming Events.

The Black Patti, supported by the celebrated violiniste, Princess Dolgorouky, and other artists, is billed for four popular concerts next week at the Pavilion. The prices of seats are within the reach of all, and at popular prices such distinguished artists should crowd the building. The plan of seats is now open at Suckling & Sons' music ware-rooms, Yonge street.

Great enthusiasm prevails in musical and fashionable circles over the first great musical event of the season in the Pavilion on Tuesday, October 13. The distinguished and world renowned reputation, enjoyed by both Emma Juch, the great singer, and Xaver Scharwenka, the polish pianist, should crowd the Pavilion to the doors. A magnificent programme will be presented. The subscription list is at Messrs. Suckling & Sons' music ware-rooms, Yonge street.

AS GOVERNESS—A Young Lady Having a good education, musical and literary, and experience in teaching, will give her services in exchange for a home. Competent to teach one foreign language if desired. Excellent testimonials and references. Address TEACHER, SATURDAY NIGHT Office.

AS GOVERNESS—Two Young Ladies, just returned from Germany, who will teach French, German and music, seek engagements as resident governesses in schools or families. Good references given and required. Address Box 168, Woodstock.

MEDICAL.

MASSAGE recommended for rheumatism, paralysis, insomnia, poor circulation, nervous troubles, stiff joints, etc. Endorsed by leading physicians. THOMAS COOK, 204 King Street West.

JOHN B. HALL, M D., 326 and 328 Jarvis Street, HOMŒOPATHIST
Specialties—Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of Women. Office hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

ANDERSON & BATES
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist
Telephone 2922. No. 5 College Street, Toronto.

DR. PALMER
40 College Street
Telephone 3190. 3rd Door from Yonge Street.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage licenses, 601 Queen St. West, between Portland and Bathurst Sts. No witnesses required. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 256 Bathurst St.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 146 Carlton Street

DENTISTRY.

DR. BOSANKO
DENTIST
45 King Street West, over Hooper's Drug Store.

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon
Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S.
Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto. Tel. 3885.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL
DR. FRANK E. CRYSLER
DENTIST
249 McCaul St., a few doors south of College
Telephone 2347.

M. W. SPARROW, L D.S., Dental Surgeon
Central Dental Parlors
N. W. Cor. Spadina Avenue and Queen Street, Toronto.
Special attention paid to painless operating.

DRS. BALL & ZIEGLER (Successors to Dr. Hipkins). Rooms suite 23, Arcade, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets. Dr. Hipkins will be associated with his successors for a time. Hours 9 to 5. Tel. 2232.

CHINA HALL
(ESTABLISHED 1864)
49 King Street East
Telephone 466 TORONTO

HAVILAND CHINA
Genuine Limoges.
FOR DECORATING
Nothing equals it.

SEVERAL HOGSHEADS NEW DESIGNS
Now on sample.

- CHEAP -
As imitations elsewhere.

CALL AND SEE
GLOVER HARRISON ESTATE
IMPORTERS

Pure—free from organic contamination.—*Civil Service Gazette*, London.

Pleasant and refreshing.—*The Empire*, Ont.

An ideal table water.—Prof. Wanklyn.

For Sale by All First class Wine Merchants, Hotels and Restaurants

PARK LIVERY
173 and 175 McCaul Street
Victorias, Coupes, etc. Fine Horses and Carriages, with careful Drivers in Livery.
TELEPHONE 193 W. J. MUNSHAW Prop.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

JARVIS—At St. Thomas, Ont., Oct. 2, 1892, the wife of Harold Jarvis, of Tacoma, formerly of Rosedale—a son.
LOUDON—Oct 3, Mrs James Loudon—a son.
BLACKSTOCK—Sept, 29, Mrs. G T. Blackstock—a son.
HARPER—Sept. 29, Mrs. J. F. Harper—a daughter.
SHACKLETON—Oct. 2, Mrs. W. Shackleton—a son.
HOPPER—Sept 30, Mrs. W. G Hopper—a daughter.
STERLING—Sept. 15, Mrs. C J H Sterling—a daughter.
McLACHLIN—Sept. 25, Mrs J. Y. McLachlin—a daughter.
WADE—Sept. 26, Mrs. Alfred Wade—a daughter.
COTTRELL—Sept. 30, Mrs. W. J. Cottrell—a daughter.
BELCHER—Sept 23, Mrs J. T. Belcher—a daughter.
PEARCE—Sept 28, Mrs E. G. Pearce—a son.
DONVILLE—Sept. 22, Mrs. W. Donville—a son.
LAWRENCE—Sept. 24 Mrs. S. Lawrence—a daughter.
VAN DER LINDE—Sept. 25, Mrs Van der Linde—a son.
CLENDENAN—Sept. 26, Mrs. Clendenan—a son.

Marriages.

CORRIGAN—COLQUHOUN—On Sept. 28, R. V. Corrigan to Catharine Colquhoun.
MACHETT—KNOWLSON—Sept. 28, R. J. Machett to Annie Knowlson.
HARRIS—CURRIE—Sept 28, Samuel Harris to Margaret Currie.
GUNN—HARPER—Sept. 22, Alexander Gunn to Eliza Harper.
BUTLER—McCORD—Sept. 28, G. E. Butler to Kathleen McCord.
MacKAY—SMITH—Sept 28, Arthur MacKay to Edith Smith.
McLURE—CORRY—Sept 27, James McLure to Maggie Corry.
MACKENZIE—FIELD—Sept. 28, J. M. Mackenzie to Maud Field.
ZIMMERMAN—MILLS—Sept. 28, W. F. Zimmerman to Annie Mills.
DRUMMOND—PINTEY—Sept. 27, Henry A Drummond to Catherine Lucy Pinley.
WHITE—LEAR—Sept. 29, Henry White to Clara Lear.
CAMPBELL—REDMOND—Sept, D. F. Campbell to S. E. Redmond.
HAWKE—HARSTONE—Sept. 30, Widmer Hawke to Janet Harstone.
KELLOW—WALLACE—Sept. 28, Martin Kellow to Esther Wallace.
SCHOFIELD—DAVIS—Sept. 28, George Schofield to Louisa J. Davis.
STERLING—WARK—Sept. 29, Charles Sterling to Loretta Wark.
DICKSON—GREGORY—Sept. 28, W. J. Dickson to Mary E Gregory.
AINSLIE—HALLIDAY—Sept. 27, R. O. Y. Ainslie to Fanny Halliday.
DITCHBURN—SHORT—Sept. 29, I. R Ditchburn to M. E. Short.
HENDERSON—GOLDRING—Sept. R. C. Henderson to Martha Goldring.
REA—HAMPTON—Sept. 28, H. T. Rea to Lottie Hampton.
COWAN—MICHIE—Oct. 4. Francis F. Cowan to J. Alex Michie.
MULCAHY—FOX—Oct. 3, M. V Mulcahy to Laura Fox.

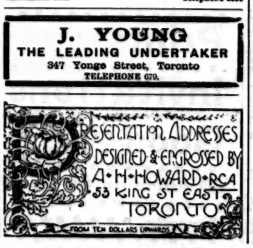
Deaths.

BARCHARD—Oct. 4, William Barchard, aged 82
HOWARTH—Oct. 4, Charles Howarth, aged 45.
HULL—Oct —, John Hull, aged 75
PINKNEY—Oct 3, Harold E. Pinkney, aged 2.
RYAN—Oct. 2, Mary Ann Ryan, aged 44
JONES—Oct. 2, Prudence Jones, aged 26.
FLETCHER—Oct. 2, Harry Fletcher, aged 21.
JEFFERS—Oct. 2 Jeremiah J. Jeffers, aged 62
O'BRIEN—Sept 26. Nathaniel O'Brien, aged 87.
BLACKLEY—Oct. 1, Ralph Blackley, aged 19
McMAHON—Oct. 1, Katie McMahon.
DOWN—Sept. 30, Florence M. Down.
WYNN—Sept. 29, Percy Wynn.
SPENCE—Sept 30, James Spence, aged 83.
SINCLAIR Oct 1, Mary A. Sinclair, aged 1.
McGEE—Sept 27, William McGee, aged 70.
MORRISON—Sept 28 Mary Morrison, aged 22.
HENDERSON—Sept. 24, F. Henderson, aged 75.
LYNCH—Sept. 28, Catherine Lynch, aged 70.
ROWNEY—Sept. 26, Katie Rowney, aged 23
CRICHTON—Sept. —, Janet Crichton, aged 79.
TUCKER—Sept. 25, Emma Tucker, aged 56.
SUTHERLAND—Sept. 27, H. L. Sutherland, aged 23.

New Table Decorations in GLASS
WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY
WILLIAM JUNOR
Telephone 2177. 109 King Street West

MOTHERS
USE HOWARTH'S
Carminative Mixture
This medicine is superior to any other for Summer Complaints, Diarrhœa, Cramps, and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels, and any other disorder of the bowels of infants occasioned by teething or other causes. Gives rest and quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Prepared only by
S. HOWARTH - Druggist
243 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.
Established 1849. Telephone 1359

J. YOUNG
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER
347 Yonge Street, Toronto
TELEPHONE 679.



"Hiring" Pianos
For the Winter Season should be ordered at once

Every winter customers are disappointed by neglecting the above useful injunction. We would, therefore, ask our patrons to kindly advise in time and suitable instruments will be reserved.

THE **Mason & Risch**
Piano Co., Limited
32 King Street West

LADIES, buy a recognized standard brand and save yourselves worry and annoyance.

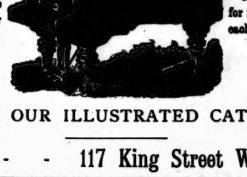
Corticelli

SPOOL SILK

has the largest sale of any brand of sewing silk made. Its success rests upon its merits. Try it once and you will use no other.

HEINTZMAN & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
PIANOFORTES
GRAND SQUARE UPRIGHT

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.



Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

Warerooms: - - 117 King Street West, Toronto

COAL - AND WOOD
LOWEST PRICES

ELIAS ROGERS & Co.

BUY THE

Celebrated Lehigh Valley
COAL
FROM THE
ONTARIO COAL CO.
GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street.
BRANCH OFFICES: 818 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'y.

Artists

Use only the colors manufactured by WINSOR & NEWTON, manufacturing artists' colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family.
WATER COLORS
OIL COLORS
CANVAS
Don't ruin your work by using cheap trash These goods are within reach of all, and are used all over the world. Tell your art dealer you must have them.

A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL
Wholesale Agents for Canada. Manufacturers of
Paints, Oils, Colors, Varnishes, &c.

PROF. DAVIDSON
The Famous Chiropodist and Manicure
Has again established himself on KING Street. Those troubled with Corns, Bunions and Ingrowing Nails should call and see the professor at
49 King Street West, Room 7